

Thursday

The State Hornet

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California State University, Sacramento

APRIL 5, 1984



Capers

Several mock football players romped in the Library Quad Wednesday. The team was promoting the comedy film "Sports Capers," sponsored by Campus Crusade For Christ. The film is scheduled for Thursday, April 5 at 7 p.m. in the North Dining Hall.

Reaccreditation For CSUS

Committee Begins To Gather Information For Report

By Steven Milne
STATE HORNET STAFF WRITER

Employers have certain perceptions of CSUS, as well as other universities, that may help or hinder a graduate's chances of being hired. A self-study committee is currently gathering information and opinions about the conditions of the university to secure reaccreditation which will let employers know that CSUS meets the formal requirements of academic excellence.

The committee, which consists of seven faculty members and two students, must submit a report to the Western Association of Schools and Colleges Accrediting Commission by

mid-fall semester of 1984. The Oakland-based commission will then make a four-day visit to the campus in the spring of 1985 and release a final report renewing or revoking the accreditation by the end of that semester.

"We're still in the information collecting stage," said Committee Chair and CSUS History Professor George Craft. "The university is in pretty good condition but there's always room for improvements."

The rest of the committee includes: Susan Slaymaker, geology chair; Jo Lonam, home economics professor; Fred Reardon, associate dean of engineering; Adina Allen,

social work professor; Malcolm White, business professor and James Livingston, education professor.

The accreditation process is conducted every 10 years, and when the last accreditation was conducted in 1974-75, the conflicts between faculty and administration under then CSUS President James F. Bond were reflected in the commission's report.

In 1980 the accreditation commission updated their review, finding the administration under former President W. Lloyd Johns "to be commended for its successful efforts in restoring faculty morale and stability on campus."

• See Accredit, page 2

Bailey: Cash Is Problem With Drugs

By Tim Blake
STATE HORNET STAFF WRITER

Creating a cashless society could curb the long-term problem of drug trafficking, said attorney F. Lee Bailey in a speech given on the South Lawn Thursday.

Bailey said drug dealers and buyers usually deal on a cash-only basis. Eliminating the source of payment would help law enforcement officials deal effectively with the nation's drug problems, said Bailey.

Bailey said harsh punishment is seldom the answer except in cases of drug possession. He said that the problem with marijuana and cocaine is that it has become the "prohibition"

of the '80s. The government thinks the solution to sellers is heavy punishment as in the prohibition days of the '20s, said Bailey.

He added that drug runners can be found as quickly as arrested ones are jailed. Bailey called the corruption in government involving drugs as "horrendous" in a market that yields \$70 billion in revenue from marijuana and cocaine sales.

A "forthcoming holocaust of assurances" will come from the presidential nominees concerning crime, said Bailey. Reagan promised to cut street crime despite the federal government having no jurisdiction over it. Bailey said. He added that Reagan has

launched a war on drug trafficking.

"That effort has been so successful that the price of cocaine has dropped 70 percent in the past nine months," said Bailey sarcastically.

Bailey also said Walter Mondale represents "re-polishing of shop-worn images." Although Gary Hart is supposed to represent new ideas, "I haven't seen any," said Bailey.

Bailey wondered aloud why a society that can walk on the moon cannot do anything about a minority troubling the majority. He said despite some drops in recent crime rates, there has been no real change in crime.

• See Bailey, page 2

Pancho Villa

Chicano Theater Focuses On Culture

The Chicano theater, or *teatro*, is one of CSUS's best kept secrets. However, Manuel Jose Pickett is attempting to change that with the Playwright's Theatre production of *The Shrunken Head of Pancho Villa*.

Written by politically-oriented playwright Luis Valdez (who also wrote the well-received *Zoot Suit*), *The Shrunken Head of Pancho Villa* is about the Chicano culture and its relationship with society as a whole. "The play focuses on a family of Mexican parents and their children," Pickett said. "The family is used in this play not only as a basis for Chicano identity but as a reflection of the larger microcosm of the barrio."

The "barrio" refers to the Chicano neighborhood, which, in *Villa*, is anywhere in the Southwest during 1965, the time during which the Chicano movement was in full swing.

Pickett explained that Valdez "did not intend his play to be a complete 'realistic' interpretation of Chicano life but that it contains surrealistic elements working together to achieve a transcendental expression of the social condition of *La Raza* in the United States."

Pickett is very involved with the *teatro* at CSUS. He said he feels that the *teatro* is a "vital and necessary part of . . . drama because it helps people understand more about culture as well as themselves."

"Chicano *teatro* is a political theater," Pickett added. "We use theater as an art form to express social/political ideology. Theater has provided us with a means of expressing our feelings, our hopes, and our needs."

Pickett said that he feels Chicano theatre has developed greatly at CSUS during his four years as a faculty member. He holds that it has grown "almost into a full-fledged program within the drama department."

Contributing to this article were Margaret Sabol, Lynn Hervey, and Sandra Arnaudo of the State Hornet staff.

Besides doing main stage seasonal shows, the Chicano theatre has gone on touring shows and has taken the *teatro* to various high schools as well. There are currently 80 actors involved in the theatre, "most of whom are Chicano."

• See Play, page 2

Minority Students

CSU Trustees Address Concern

By Natalie Welch
STATE HORNET STAFF WRITER

California State University Chancellor W. Ann Reynolds outlined two future concerns that would address the issue of preparing minority students to attend four year colleges at the annual CSU Board of Trustees meeting held last week at CSUS.

One concern was the consolidation and strengthening of community colleges and transfer opportunities. The other goal is a change in the high school graduation requirements to ensure that minority students do not have to be involved in remediation in order to perform at university standards.

Two programs at CSUS, the goals of which are to increase the enrollment and graduation success rate of minority, low income, and female students, are the Student Affirmative Action Program and the Equal Opportunity Program.

In addressing the extreme underrepresentation of Hispanic students particularly in the higher levels of education Isabel Hernandez-Serna, director of Student Affirmative Action at CSUS, stated, "Public schools have not found a way to motivate Chicano students in large

numbers, it has to do with attitudes of faculty and administration and the curriculum. Some teachers do not understand, accept, and respect these students that come from low economic backgrounds."

The CSUS student Affirmative Action Program is designed to aid minority students who are regularly eligible for admission. They provide awareness by making available a host of services and information essential to better understand the higher educational process. Through an outreach program that visits local high schools, community colleges, agencies and

organizations many minority students are provided with the proper information and motivation to advance their education. Counselors then continue to provide guidance and direction to ensure retention of the minority student.

The Equal Opportunity Program (EOP) is another office with the goal to enroll and retain underrepresented students. This program is designed to assist those students who show motivation and potential to succeed in college but may not meet regular admission requirements. In order to do this, EOP provides application fee waivers

and special admissions consideration through the many special support services offered these students.

The quality and accessibility of the CSU system was also discussed by the CSU Board. The first presentation, Quality Elements in Degree Programs, was introduced by Professor John Bedell.

"Quality is very hard to define," said Bedell. "Some know when they see it and some only miss it when it's gone."

Over the last eight years, Bedell explained, students have been sub-

• See Trustees, page 10



Meyer Wins National Beam Title

By Katie Rueb
STATE HORNET STAFF WRITER

Her goal was to not fall off the beam . . . and she didn't.

After four years of disciplined workouts, CSUS gymnast Terri Meyer balanced her way to first place on beam in the National meet last weekend in Springfield, Mass. and captured 10th all-around.

Meyer, a senior, scored 9.05 on beam. "I stayed on the beam and my dance was better," said Meyer. "Only three other girls didn't fall."

Although Meyer's season began shaky, she gained momentum and peaked toward the season's close, placing first all-around in the NCA Conference League meet and first on floor in the Western Regionals.

"Her routines this year have been the best she's ever had," said CSUS' Head Coach Kim Hughes. "They were also more difficult."

Both Hughes and Meyer expected the gymnast would score higher on floor than one beam in the National meet. "I expected her to make floor finals more than beam," said Hughes.

However, Meyer scored an 8.8 on floor and placed ninth. "A score of 8.85 was the cutoff for those who qualified for finals on floor," explained Hughes.

Although floor is Meyer's favorite event, she said she usually scores better on beam. "I am pretty consistent on beam," said Meyer. "I have definitely improved on beam. It used to be my worst event."

This is the fourth year Meyer has competed in the National meet. Her freshman year, when CSUS was in the Association of Intercollegiate Athletics for Women (AIAW) conference, she took third place all-around and seventh all-around her sophomore year. Last year was the only season that Meyer did not advance to the national finals.

"Terri is well deserving of this kind of senior year," said Hughes. "She has sacrificed much time — mainly social time — for gymnastics."

• See Meyer, page 10



Terri Meyer led the CSUS women's gymnastic team to a seventh place NCAA Division II finish last weekend in Springfield, Mass. It was the team's best placement in Division II competition. Teammate Renée Boosembark also earned All-American honors by placing fifth on the balance beam.

Boycott Funds Stopped By ASI

By Charles D. Peer
STATE HORNET STAFF WRITER

The Associated Students Inc. (ASI) senate pulled the funding out from under the Hornet Foundation boycott Tuesday by rescinding funds that it had earlier approved to support the boycott.

The decision to withdraw the funding came about when the senate learned that by so doing they may be in violation of California corporate law. According to Sen. Ken Bollinger, Engineering, he was informed by Legal Aid that funding of the boycott may violate a law that prohibits one corporation from financially backing a boycott against another corporation.

Sen. Cyndi Clarke, Arts and Sciences, stated that the boycott will go on, despite the lack of financial support from the ASI. Clarke, who introduced the resolution calling for the boycott, indicated that she would seek funds from alternate sources.

Funding for the boycott was approved by the senate on March 27 and provided \$100 for the printing and distribution of informational leaflets about the boycott which is scheduled to begin Monday, April 9.

Sen. Cyndi Clarke, Arts and Sciences, stated that the boycott will go on, despite the lack of financial support from the ASI. Clarke, who introduced the resolution calling for the boycott, indicated that she would seek funds from alternate sources.

"Seven campus clubs have endorsed the boycott," Clarke said. "We'll seek support from them and other groups."

In other actions, the senate

• See ASI, page 10



Illustration by Elizabeth Mass

Fraternity Granted National Charter

"We would just like everyone to know that we're on campus," said Geren Ambrose of Phi Beta Sigma. They have been on campus as part of the UC Davis chapter for a number of years. In the last

month the members of the fraternity have been granted their own national charter as Omicron Eta.

Ambrose said they are known as "The Gentlemen of the Dove," because the dove is the symbol of

peace. Their founders stressed diversity and acknowledged the possibility of conflict within that diversity. Ambrose said that "the point was to combine peace and diversity."

Internationally, there are 85,000 members of Phi Beta Sigma, which was founded in 1914 at Howard University in Washington, D.C. There have been renowned members of the fraternity, including Alain Locke, the first black Rhodes scholar, Huey Newton, a founder of the Black Panther Party, and Kwame Nkrumah, past president of Ghana.

Last month Phi Beta Sigma, the Black American Political Association of California, and Delta Sigma Theta co-sponsored a benefit dance for Fisk University, which has recently had financial difficulties.

Phi Beta Sigma has a number of on-going community service programs. One of them is their Assault on Illiteracy program. Ambrose said, "The percentage of illiterates among those over 21 is much, much too high." The members tutor those who need help improving their reading skills.

Communications Introduces New, Revamped Program

The communication studies department is being revamped to help students achieve a more current and realistic view of where communication is heading.

The department is offering new courses in various areas of the communications field. This semester two new rhetorical courses are being offered. Next semester two new courses in media communication will be offered.

John Hwang, one of the professors teaching the new courses, said these courses are being offered to students because they will enable students to better understand those aspects of communication which will play an important role in the years to come.

One of the new courses to be offered is Communication Studies 196, an experimental course in newswriting and directing. This class will give useful practice for those students who want to get into television newswriting and directing.

Another communication course being offered is a two-semester course 190-191 in telecommunication. This course will introduce a number of methods used to transmit communication and how those methods work. A special emphasis will be placed on satellite communication.

A new catalog will be out this summer giving a more complete description of the courses that will be available.

Correction

The deadline dates for guaranteed student loans are for the 1983-84 school year, not the 1984-85 school year as written in last Thursday's State Hornet. The State Hornet regrets this error. Deadlines are April 11 for City Bank, Security Pacific, Great Western Savings and Wells Fargo. April 16 is the deadline for Glendale Federal Savings.

Apartment Buyout Almost Finalized

The College Town Apartments should become the property of CSUS soon but probably not until the end of the fiscal year, sometime after July 1.

Gesna Clarke, manager of the College Town Apartments, said, "The university hasn't bought the College Town Apartments yet. It's in the process of being bought out. The sale has yet to be finalized."

The apartments, built in 1968, are located on College Town Drive next to the water treatment plant. The complex was built primarily to house student families, and the proposal CSUS has developed reflects an interest in further pursuing this purpose.

Under this proposal, the 282-unit complex will house 616 tenants with student families given first priority for admission. Student roommates are given second priority admission.

The proposal does not specify a tenancy time limit but it does state residents not meeting "the proposed priority criteria shall be given appropriate notices of termination."

The proposal also aims to house those residents with low or moderate incomes. The following is a list of what the maximum family income rates can be to qualify for tenancy: 1 - \$14,250; 2 - \$16,250; 3 - \$18,300; 4 - \$20,350; 5 - \$21,600; 6 - \$22,850; 7 -

\$24,150; 8 or more - \$25,400.

According to Clarke, most of the present tenants living in the complex are low to moderate income residents and will not be relocated as was suggested previously by this proposal.

Another proposal that was suggested but later rejected would have given first priority for admission to continuing undergraduate students in good academic standing enrolled for nine units or more.

The \$3.5 million to purchase the College Town Apartments was allocated to CSUS by the U.S. Department of Education's college housing loans program after CSUS failed to obtain funding for new dorms.

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SOME THINGS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

Campus Weight Room Poses Danger

By Garth Stapley
STATE HORNET STAFF WRITER

"As an educator having to work with the facility, I'd say it's embarrassing."

"The place is a pig-pen!"

"It's so bad, I don't even want to talk about it."

What atrocity could these students and faculty members possibly be talking about?

commentary

You guessed it — the Field House weight room. The room where the mighty CSUS gridlers prepare their bodies to represent our university in ship-shape fashion. The room where our students and faculty can go to workout in their spare time. The room where countless students sweat themselves to fitness in sanctioned classes.

But just how well does the existing facility meet the existing need?

"When you come right down to it, we don't have a weight room," said Bill Kutzer, coach and weightlifting instructor at CSUS. "Conditions aren't good. The set-up we have now is inconvenient, even dangerous."

The fact is that CSUS is the 26th largest university in the nation, and the weightlifting facility found here would do well to rival that of any area high school.

Sports Briefly

Scholarships In '85?

The Athletic Advisory Board approved 12-2 on Monday the feasibility study concerning the possibility of scholarships in 1985, according to CSUS Co-athletic Director Ray Clemons.

The Board sent the study to acting President Austin Gerber for approval. Gerber is expected to announce his decision next week.

Hurlers Lead League

With nine games remaining in the regular season, the Hornet baseball team is well on its way to capturing its first championship since 1975.

A four-game sweep over the weekend against CSU Chico regained a first place lead for CSUS in the Northern California Athletic Conference race. A double-header sweep on the road Friday, 4-1 and 7-2, placed the teams in a first place tie entering play on Saturday in Sacramento.

Softball Sweeps Series

The CSUS women's softball team won all four games of two double-headers last week to extend its record to 14-15 overall and 5-1 in conference play.

The Hornets swept CSU Hayward Friday with scores of 5-2 and 3-2. Pitcher Tracy Latino, who tossed the first six innings of the first game and relieved for six more innings in the second game, went 3-for-3 at the plate with a double and an RBI. Colleen Waggoner had an RBI and collected two hits in the second game.

Clemons Retires

Ray Clemons, co-athletic director at CSUS, has announced his retirement as of July 1.

Clemons has requested that he still maintain a part-time teaching position six months out of the year.

The former coach who recently turned 63, said that is the "key age" to retire.

"I'm beat, I'm tired, and I've been here a long time," Clemons said.

Tennis Team Undefeated

The CSUS women's tennis team made up a rained-out match with CSC Stanislaus last Friday. The Hornets defeated their interconference rivals 8-1.

The win improved the team's overall record to 8-7. The Hornets now stand at 3-0 in Northern California Athletic Conference (NCAC) play with little more than three weeks until the league championships begin.

On Tuesday, the women will play UC Davis at home. Match time is 2:30 p.m.

commentary

Actually, there are two different weightlifting rooms in the Field House; the public lifting room and the free-weight room. The public lifting room, originally intended as a classroom and still used by the beginning weight training courses, has four universal machines. One of the machines is totally inoperative (the question, why is it even here? is often asked) and seldom are the other three fully functioning. There is little-to-no ventilation, and the floors — well, the floors tell a story all by themselves.

"Have you seen the floor out there?" said Lloyd Crable, director of the room's public use. "We definitely need something to upgrade that facility."

My mind drifts back to last semester where I, as a student in the beginning weight training course, listened to jokes about how often a janitor dared venture into the unknown expanses of the room. Our instructor, Coach Bill Cochran, kept us entertained by relating horror stories of former students, now disfigured from lack of special care with the machines. We laughed off the cautions until one day when a cable broke. A few startled faces, but luckily no injuries. One more station "out of order."

It struck me as ironic that a facility

with an end goal of better health and stronger bodies would seem almost destined to do the opposite by creating needless injuries.

"We need a bigger, safer room," agreed Kutzer. "The bottom line is this: the need is there, it's a big need, and if completed would meet the needs of several different groups."

"A new weight room would affect more students than probably any other single activity on campus."

ASI Sen. Ron Day, Business, agrees and adds, "A new weight room would be a long-term project, something that will keep going and going, whereas something like a music festival, you plan it and then you hold it and in a couple of months, it's all over and everybody forgets about it."

But Sen. Day isn't one to sit by and watch. Day has introduced a bill to the ASI senate that will provide for expansion to the freebar room, used by team athletes and advanced weight training classes. The bill would increase the room from a scant 609 square feet to a closer-to-realistic 1160 square feet. The itemized budget, including construction costs and fans for improved ventilation, comes to under \$4,000, a small price to pay for such a project affecting so many students and faculty alike.

"I think we should emphasize that we don't want to blame anybody," said Kutzer, with whom Cochran shares responsibility as primary supervisor of the project and works closely with Day.

"No one's guilty for how things are. We're just seeking solutions. The return to fitness is a growing trend, and we're caught up in the middle of it and now are way behind the times. Something has to be done."

Hooray for coaches Kutzer and Cochran! Hooray for concerned elected school officials like Sen. Day. Hooray for other concerned students who are willing to work for and support such a project that will affect a majority of this university's student needs. We're not talking about another cart-before-the-horse situation here; we've had the horses for years in the form of nationally competitive athletic teams that are forced to workout off campus and spend big bucks doing so because there isn't a facility yet on campus which is half as efficient as Bella Vista High School's.

"If we can just get everyone to work together, we can put together something that will meet our needs," said Kutzer. "If we could marshall the efforts of the Hornet Foundation, the physical education department, and ASI plus the students, we can do it.



The CSUS weight room, located in the Field House, is currently unsafe to according instructor Bill Kutzer.

But it will take a combined effort. No one group is going to do it alone.

"We're looking for people who will say, 'Yes, we can,'" said Day.

"Anyone can come up with a thousand reasons why we can't. This has been put off too long and I'll do whatever it takes to get it done."

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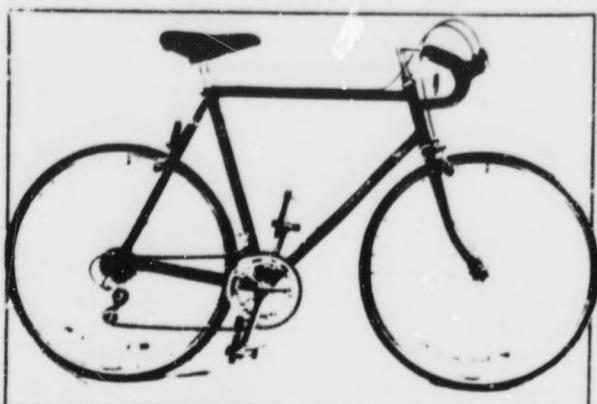


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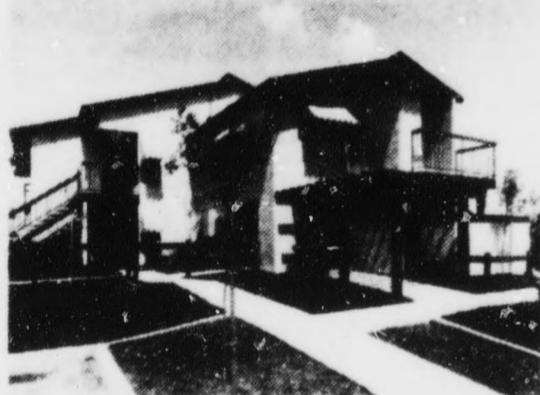
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Sacramento Barrio Art Gallery**Chicano Art Takes Off In Royal Fashion**

By Janet Walls

STATE HORNET STAFF WRITER

The Royal Chicano Air Force (RCAF) is alive and well and drawing pictures in Sacramento, without a single airplane to its name.

With an unobtrusive storefront on Franklin Boulevard as its headquarters, the prototypical barrio arts organization has spearheaded the move to legitimize Chicano art. Their efforts are at the same time highly visible — as in the four-story yellow butterfly on a building at 3rd and L Streets — and low-profile, as are the art classes they offer to barrio children.

"We started unofficially in 1969," said Juanita Orosco, one of the six founders of the artist group. "There was no Chicano art studies anywhere back then. We were students and teachers at the university, interested in art and active in ethnic studies. We just drifted together with our common interests."

CSUS Professor Esteban Villa, one of four remaining original members, lamented that this group, which instigated and developed the model for all current Mexican-American ethnic art studies, enjoys little recognition for the distinction except within the Chicano artistic community.

But their influence is an integral part of that community. All the "important" names in the new art form owe their importance to the RCAF.

"When we first started, we did a lot of poster art," said Orosco. "Many of our posters became collectors' items. We made hundreds of them. We've done lots of things, but now we mostly make murals."

They put these murals on whatever flat, blank space they are allowed. The murals are great splashes of color, usually depicting native themes and always requiring a

community effort of the artists of the group. One such project is the backdrop of the stage at the Southside Park at 7th and T streets.

The mural panels in the RCAF Mural Show appearing in the Robert Else Gallery March 30-May 11, 1984, is typical of the work of the RCAF. The vibrant reds, oranges and blues bring to life the figures which symbolize significant epochs and important characters of Chicano history.

Muralists Villa and Orosco feel their art form has "arrived" on the art scene, but is not totally accepted by much of the general public. Through attrition, some of the RCAF's mural works have been destroyed. But the RCAF has sworn to continue their assault on blank walls and to promote Indian art and culture with more murals.

"For every mural whitewashed or demolished, we will paint two more," said Villa.

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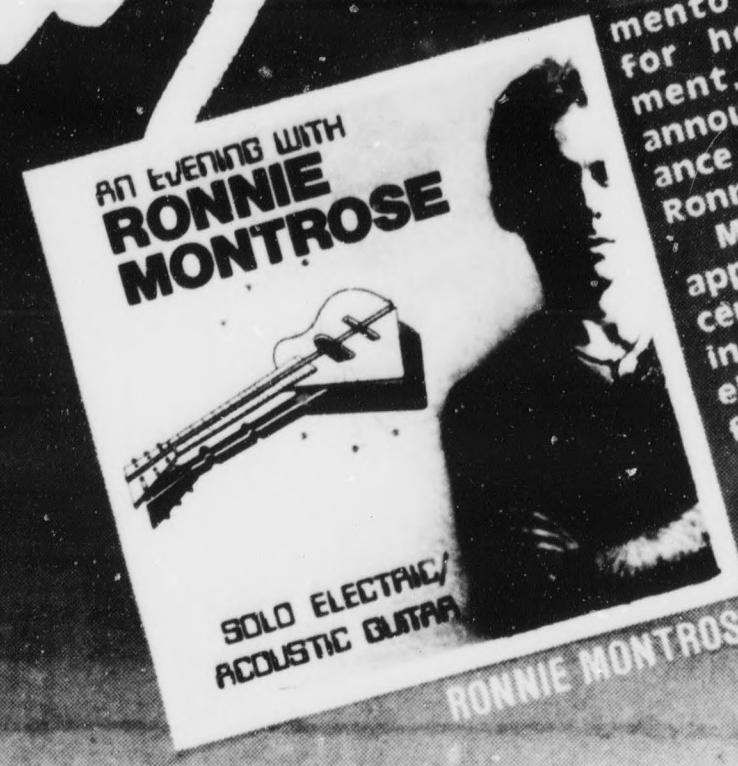
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Nightlife



Second Level, Sacramento's connection for hot entertainment, is proud to announce the appearance of guitar wizard Ronnie Montrose. Montrose will be appearing live in concert Thursday, April 5 in a totally new solo electric/acoustic performance.

Balancer Jean Paul Val Jean will open the show, which begins at 8 p.m.

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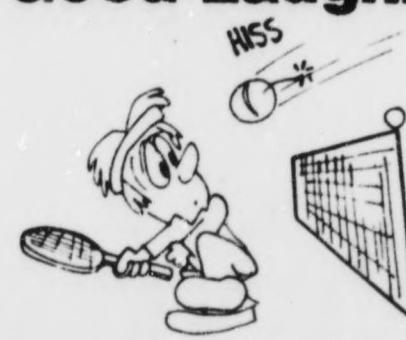
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In Touch

Miriam Gray-Duffy, local actress and director, will be speaking Thursday, April 5 at 2:35 p.m. in CTR 315. Gray-Duffy is public relations director for the Eleanor McClatchy Performing Arts Center, and she will be discussing public relations in community theatre. For further information call Tern Stitt at 635-0229.

Body Talk, Dance with us Friday, April 6 from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. in the North Dining Hall. Music by Studio Sounds Ltd., tickets are available at the ASI Business Office, \$3 general, \$4 after 11 p.m. Sponsored by the Samahang Pilipino.

The Yolo County Sexual Assault and Battered Women's Center is recruiting volunteers able to work on the crisis line during the daytime hours — 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. A special training program will be offered beginning Monday, April 2 from 10 a.m. to noon. For more information contact Yolanda or Nancy at 758-0540.

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The Accounting Society is having a general meeting Monday, April 9 in the Forest Suite of the University Union at 7 p.m. Nominations will be submitted at this meeting.

Gay and Lesbian Campus Network is having its spring social, "An Evening at K Street," on Saturday, April 7 at 9:30 p.m.

Students for Jesse Jackson will hold their weekly meeting on Thursday, April 5 at 6 p.m. in the Del Rio Room of the Food Service Building. All interested students are invited to join the Rainbow Coalition. For more information contact the Rainbow Coalition at Student Activities, Box 114.

Auditing the State of California will be presented by Beta Alpha Psi on Thursday, April 5 at 7 p.m. in the Senate Chambers, University Union.

Beta Alpha Psi is sponsoring Volunteer Individual Tax Assistance on Mondays — 1:30 to 3:30 p.m. and 6:30 to 7:30 p.m. and Thursdays — 2:30 to 4:15 p.m. thru April 12 in the Sacramento Room of the University Union.

The CSUS Library, Media Services Center will present environmental issues in its series of video showings on April 12 in the Library, Room 304 from 7 to 10 p.m. The titles include "Sixty Minutes to Meltdown," "Inside Rancho Seco," "Asbestos," and "Here Today, Here Tomorrow: Radio-Active Waste in America." They are free and open to the public. Please call 454-7302 for further information.

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Letters

Sen. Clarke Counters HF Boycott Criticism

Editor,

I want to thank Cameron Myers for his critical analysis of Senate Resolution (SR) 84-07 put forth in his commentary in *The State Hornet* (March 22). Until the time in which I read his comments I had spoken to only one other student who seemed satisfied with the Hornet Foundation. The countless number of students I have approached and who have approached me on the issue of the Hornet Foundation have not only felt dissatisfied but ripped off.

I want to apologize to the students offended by SR 84-07 and who feel does not represent their views. I will amend it accordingly, but by no means will I pull it from vote. There are too many reasons that call for the Hornet Foundation boycott to stay alive.

Cameron Myers praises the Hornet Foundation (HF) for \$40,843 it gave out in grants designated for distribution by its board. These allocations were made at the HF Board of Directors' meeting September 28, 1983. Myers was correct in his listings of donations to the campus that included \$22,093 for student, library and departmental usage. However, he overlooked the \$18,750 granted to the Office of the President, the President's Office and Office of Vice President for Administration and Business Affairs, Office of University Advancement, Dean of Students' Office and Office of School/College Relations. Of the amount of money that is designated for distribution by the board in the form of grants, only 54 percent goes to student related

activities while students make up at least 83 percent of the Hornet Foundation's clientele.

Myers points out that the HF returns more than \$50,000 a year from its working capital reserve fund. I say \$50,000 a year is not much when the working capital reserve fund was noted as having \$415,516 in it at year's end (1983). In addition, the HF plant fund held \$884,368 of which \$809,505 was accruing interest in savings accounts and short-term investments. Of all the money that the HF has accumulated over the years since its inception in 1951, students got a doling out of \$22,093 in 1983 while a \$175,000 "Outpost" goes up and a \$50,000 staircase winds up to the untouchables (HF administrators). Is the \$50,000 a year given to the school from the working capital reserve fund this stairway?

I agree with Myers in regard to the intentions of the HF in the early '50s. The Hornet Foundation has been a convenience to students for many years and I agree its initial purpose was admirable. What I have a hard time with is why the HF didn't come to the students with the option of a food service or help the students set up a desirable food service with some of the funds acquired from the students' pockets. One option could be an international food bazaar similar to the system used at the San Francisco State campus. Instead, our HF has invited Burger King to take the place of what could be "Student King." Who knows what percentage HF will reap from this deal?

I disagree with Myers in regard to the Bank of America Versateller issue. He used the analogy of U.S. farmers selling to the USSR as comparable to B of A with investments in south Africa. The "Golden Rule," which

has gotten lost somewhere in the red tape, could make life better for those people that are treated unjustly. Action taken here on our campus may take a messenger to South Africa, and then again it may not. We will never know until we try. Also I looked for some U.S. farmers on this campus, but I couldn't find any.

Cyndi Clarke
ASI Senator

Logic of Gay Bill Commentary Questioned

Editor,

To my mind, it's a wonder Americans still enjoy the civil liberties we do despite the fact that so few of us seem to understand the fundamental precepts upon which our democracy was founded. J. K. Snyder, the author of a commentary published on March 22 in *The State Hornet*, might be well-advised to sign up for a basic government class.

Snyder lauds Gov. Deukmejian for his veto of AB 1, the bill to ban employment discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation, rhetorically asking, "Should people who have chosen to be Christian be given special privileges because of their lifestyles?" I hate to be testy, but apparently I need to remind this particular writer that discrimination because of a person's religion is illegal in our nation. Christians (and non-Christians) do have what Snyder terms a *special privilege* (and I would call a *right*) to not be discriminated against.

The logic in the article is predicated on the assumption that homosexuality (as well as heterosexuality,

one would have to assume) is a *choice* and, therefore, somehow not worthy of protection against discrimination. Without discussing the issue of whether or not one chooses one's sexual orientation, I would like to remind this individual that other existing protected categories include religion, political affiliation and marital status, all matters of choice — at least to the best of my understanding.

J. K. Snyder asks why an employer shouldn't have the right to set criteria for the type of worker he or she wishes to hire. Interesting question, but one that I thought we had fairly well resolved as a nation in favor of the right of an employee to be judged solely on the basis of his or her ability to do the job, not on irrelevant factors such as race or sex or religion.

That certain individuals feel homosexuality is depravity is enough reason in Snyder's view to deny a whole group of people the opportunity to work without fear of losing their jobs simply because someone doesn't like them. Excuse me, but we all need to be reminded that certain individuals once thought the Irish were sub-human. Mormons were a cult, and that once a woman married she had no business in the workplace.

Contrary to Snyder's assumption, guarantees of non-discrimination do not carry with them any governmental stamp of approval. Our Constitution and our laws are designed to protect the rights of unpopular minorities, groups of people who are discriminated against — we wouldn't need such protections if we all lived and worshipped and looked just alike. The alternative to non-discrimination is oppression, and as an American, that's not a trade-off I'm willing to make.

Shireen Miles

unique way of attacking only the methodology of those ideals and not the ideals themselves. When Sen. Thomas gave his rebuttal to this student regarding the Bank of America Versatellers being a "convenience" for most students, his comments should have been *echoed* instead of condemned.

The ASI senate is not the California Assembly. This is a student organization; the purpose is to educate. The purpose of PASU is to educate the student community. When something is offensive as the Versatellers appears on campus, the general white community as well as uninformed minorities must excuse us if we do not react to blatant support of racism (such as the remarks by former Sen. Martinez and McGregor). He does a fine job as a senator. I'm proud to know he represents me.

you consider anti-American statements, you are usually just as quick as Sen. Thomas to defend what you feel is right if it is considered offensive.

Let us remember what educator Angela Davis stated in her address a month ago, "We must confront racism or support racism (whether intentional or unintentional) as soon as it rears its head." Both Martinez and McGregor need to be educated in human ethics — Martinez for sanctioning the tellers and McGregor for condemning someone who felt it was their patriotic right to condemn such overt racist views. I commend Sen. Thomas for fighting against people's ideologies such as Martinez and McGregor's. He does a fine job as a senator. I'm proud to know he represents me.

George Seabron
PASU Member

Commentary

Storage, Money Prevent Permanent PCB Solution

By Rebecca Murphy

PCB disposal site in Texas. Although a warehouse was built near Plant Operations' Receiving in late 1982 with state money issued for the purpose of PCB clean-up, according to Howard Harris, director of plant operations, the building was never intended to be used for the storage of PCBs or any other toxic substance.

However, Pete Roddy, environmental health and safety officer, said the structure was built for temporary PCB storage but "we're hoping we never have to use it for that purpose." Who does one believe?

The State Architect's office and the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA), both in charge of the safe removal of the PCBs, are allegedly trying to coordinate removal and disposal of the toxin so that PCBs will not need to be stored anywhere on or off campus.

With the intensive, nationwide clean-up program launched by the EPA, PCBs may finally be eradicated. Money, however, is also a veritable obstacle. The four problem transformers at CSUS are scheduled to be replaced in June, but the remaining 36, supposedly sound, PCB-cooled units will be replaced pending available funds.

Sen. Thomas' Actions Defended By PASU

Editor,

I feel it is my duty to respond to the letter written by Lori McGregor. In her letter, she accuses Senate Vice Chair P. Anthony Thomas of "unethical behavior" when confronting former Sen. Theo Martinez at an ASI meeting during open forum.

It's incredible how everyone finds a way to attack the ideals of PASU and PASU supporters (including Sen. Thomas). The condemners have a

closed mind. The major hold up in the prompt replacement of the leaking transformer units has been the matter of temporary storage for the PCBs between the time they are drained from the old units and removed to a

Cinch.

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The American Express Card. Don't leave school without it.



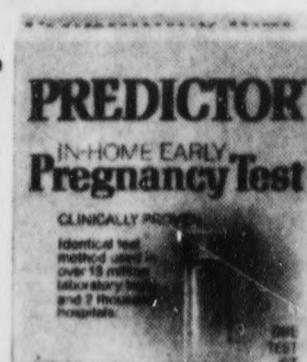
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Trustees

• Continued from page 1

jected to substantial increase in fees as the quality of education has declined.

Besides a conducive professional/educational relationship between faculty and students, there are many methods by which to measure the quality of education a student will receive. One of them, said Bedell, "is the students' ability to maintain and continue learning after receiving their initial degree."

Trustee August Coppola was willing to offer a definition of two aspects of quality in an institution and the education that a student can receive from it. The first aspect was what exactly is quality, this he broke down into three standards, how the professors perform, the various disciplines programmatic aspects, and the environment in which the student must learn. The second aspect Coppola stated was being able to recognize quality when it's attained. To do this

he suggested codifying mutually agreed upon standards of quality.

A concern voiced by many of the attending trustees was the lack of faculty office space. Faculty crowding was pointed out as a factor that negatively affects faculty morale and sufficiently hinders student response to the faculty.

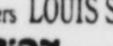
The second portion of the Committee on Educational Policy addressed Student Access and Affirmative Action, introduced by Reynolds.

The emphasis was placed on preparing, maintaining, and increasing the number of black and especially Hispanic students for university study and ensure that they receive the financial and educational assistance necessary to enroll and maintain in college.

Reynolds expounded on the importance of concentrating on Hispanic college enrollment which is severely underrepresented.

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Meyer

• Continued from page 1

Meyer, who will graduate next fall and go on to teach elementary school, began gymnastic lessons at the Lodi Recreation and Park District when she was 12. "I thought I would try it,"

ASI

• Continued from page 1

approved \$2,200 in funding for the remodeling and expansion of the campus weight room. The current weight room, according to Sen. Ron Day, Business, is overcrowded, unsafe and does not meet the needs of class, team, and recreational users.

"The remodeling will include the removal of an existing wall," Day said, "and will increase the floor space from 1,160 square feet to about 2,400 square feet."

Day said that \$1,600 in additional funding will be sought from the Alumni Association, the Stinger Foundation and several fraternities to provide floor covering, new ventilation fans, and other amenities.

said Meyer. "I did, and I loved it — it was my thing."

She competed class II and class I compulsory routines for private clubs until she began at CSUS in 1980. "I think if I would be on it any longer, I

would feel burned out," she admitted. "I am glad I got out on a good note."

Although disappointed that her eligibility is up, Meyer is somewhat relieved that this is her final season.

ASI will release funds for the costs of publishing, including \$800 in stipends for the paper's editors.

According to ASI Controller Willie Balagtas, *The State Hornet* had incurred a deficit of \$8,000 at the end of March.

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Election Dates: Wednesday, May 2, through Friday, May 4, 1984

Filing Period Closes Tuesday, April 10, at 5:00 p.m.

Positions available for Executives, Senate Chair, Senators, and University Union board

Forms available in Student Govt. Office Call 454-6784 for more information

* Write in candidates must file a letter of intent by May 1st at 5 p.m.



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Aquatic Center Mountain Wolf

Wed., April 6



Here's an outstanding opportunity to discover two of Sac State's best kept secret services—the Aquatic Center and Mountain Wolf Sports.

Wednesday, April 6, the Redwood Room of the University Union comes alive with films, exhibits, and demonstrations on windsurfing, sailing, kayaking, camping, bicycling, rafting, and more.

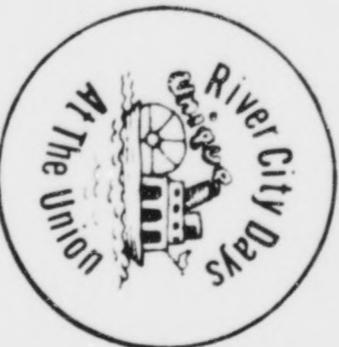
Did you know that you can get expert lessons on sailing for next to nothing at CSUS's own Aquatic facility at nearby Lake Natoma? How about first class bike repairs (cheap) by dropping off your bike on the way to class?

Summer and summer are right around the corner (helps if it's not!) better find out what "perks" await you at these two facilities before everyone else beats you to it. Noon, Wednesday, April 6—be there!

10:30 AM - 2:30 PM
MENAGERIE — Rhythm & Blues
VAN ROZAY — Folk, Comedy
GREEN BROS. — Bluegrass
WHITE LACE — Acoustic Rock
PEE WEE WILKINS — Jazz Blues
GREAT BBQ — \$2.50
SIMS ON SAX — Jazz
POETIC JUSTIS — Comedy/Juggling
VAN ROZAY — Folk Comedy

7:30 PM — COMEDY SHOW

"STARS UNDER THE STARS"
Barry Sobel, Rick Reynolds, Cary Odes
FREE!! All on South Union Lawn



Helen Hudson — Wed., April 27

Helen Hudson

Just another [girl] singer?" Her performance on Wednesday, April 27, at Noon, on the South Lawn of the University Union will prove nothing is further from the truth.

She was recently named "Coffee House Performer of the Year" by the National Association of College Activities. Her first single "Nothing But Time" made the charts and her novelty single "I'm Glad I've A Pontiac Le Mans" became a favorite on Dr. Demento's radio show.

With an impressive command of both the piano, Hudson can move from the electric and twelve string guitar, as well as the drums to the sensitive in her performances, which have been called "azzzing" and "charming." As a musician who plays "authentic guitars and emotion," her original lyrics and songs have won her countless singing awards.

Even if the sun doesn't come out, Helen is guaranteed to brighten your day with her musical talent and infectious wit.



Visions
Wed., May 14

In 1982/83 UNIQUE Nooner's have given you rock, country, jazz, classical, blues, new wave, dixieland, folk, and reggae!!

Visions — a six member reggae ska band, based in the Bay Area, brings their distinctive Jamaican sounds to the University Union, South Lawn at Noon on Wednesday, May 14.

Though only together for less than a year they have received rave reviews at such popular reggae houses as *J World* and *Stone* in Berkeley and performed with The Tumble Brothers.

A rare treat at CSUS, you won't want to miss — Bob Marley lives!!



**What's A
Nooner?**

A broad spectrum of free entertainment presented each Wednesday at noon. By popular demand we have added a few Thursday evenings. So what's left you say — let's reggae!!

In the Redwood Room while enjoying music, comedy, lectures, magic, athletic exhibitions, a circus, and much more. Have a UNIQUE nooner!!



Oscar Night '83

Mon., April 11

A touch of class! Candlelight and class; refreshments set the mood for the 5th Annual **Academy Awards** presentation Monday, April 11, in the Redwood Room of the University Union.

UNIQUE Productions plans to have waiters and waitresses in "semi formal" attire (that could be anything!) serving soft drinks, beer, wine, and other snacks. Also, there will be door prizes in a "Pick The Oscar Winner's" Contest.

The festivities begin at 6 p.m. (doors open at 5:30 p.m.). Not just another TV show — but an event!!



River City Days
At The Union
THURSDAY, APRIL 21

So You Wanna Be UNIQUE

UNIQUE Productions of the University Union thanks the students of CSUS for their support of all 189 events presented in **UNIQUE**, third year of existence.

Over fifty student volunteers brought you such programs as "A Night with Tom DeLucci," Starlight Comedy Cafe, Trina Boud, the Coffee House Series, "River City Days of the Union," countless "Nooners" each week, and much more.

Your talent and energy is needed to keep producing successful programs and expanding to new forms of entertainment. **UNIQUE** is looking for "a few good people" to participate on its student program committee next Fall, and turn CSUS into a horbed of creative events.

What's a few hours a week to get rid of apathy on this campus and really get some action around here? Your ideas, energy, and leadership are needed. Get involved now and help us plan **UNIQUE** Programs for the upcoming Fall semester.

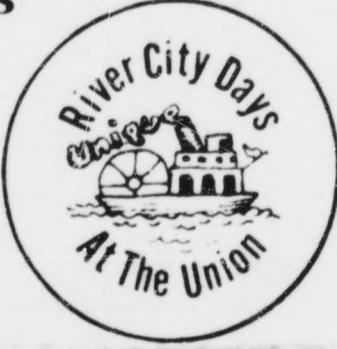
Stop in to see Rich or Kelly in the University Union office on the 3rd floor of the Union, or call 454-6743 for more information. Again, thanks for your outstanding support!!



Secret Service, one of Sacramento's hottest rock bands here on Wednesday April 13.

What the Heck is the Thing Anyway???

The **UNIQUE Times** is a twice a semester tabloid to inform the students, faculty, and staff of all the exciting happenings brought to you by **UNIQUE** (Union Network for Innovative Quality University Entertainment, catchy huh?) and the whirling wonders of the water — The **Aquatic Center**. This brilliantly written, graphically aesthetic, and all around superior piece of classic literature hopefully presents the campus with a preview of upcoming entertainment happenings and a calendar to hang on your wall or line your birdcage with. Enjoy!

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
April 4  Coming Friday!!	5 CHRIS GALVEZ, Mellow Rock; 8-10:30 p.m., Coffee House, Univ. Union	6 AQUATIC CENTER/MOUNTAIN WOLF SPORTS NOONER: Noon-1 p.m.; Redwood Room, Univ. Union PARIS GREENLEE, Folk; 8-10:30 p.m., Coffee House, Univ. Union	7 FLY IN THE HONEY, Irish Folk; 8-10:30 p.m., Coffee House, Univ. Union	8 "STARLIGHT COMEDY CAFE," Bob Dubac, Brant Van Hoffman, Steve Kravitz; 8-10:30 p.m.; Redwood Room, Univ. Union; \$2.50 student, \$3.50 general.
11 ACADEMY AWARDS SHOW; 6-9 p.m.; Redwood Room, Univ. Union	12 TY CHANSON, Easy Listening; 8-10:30 p.m.; Coffee House, Univ. Union	13 SECRET SERVICE, Rock n' Roll; Noon-1 p.m.; South Lawn, Univ. Union REDWOOD BARRELL, Folk/Jazz; 8-10:30 p.m.; Coffee House, Univ. Union	14 DOUG DeNEVEU, Original Acoustic; 8-10:30 p.m.; Coffee house, Univ. Union	15
18 	19 WHITE LACE, Acoustic Rock; 8-10:30 p.m.; Coffee House, Univ. Union	20 WILLIAM MYLAR, Folk Wave; 8-10:30 p.m., Coffee House, Univ. Union	Thursday, April 21 "RIVER CITY DAYS AT THE UNION" 10:30 AM - 2:30 PM 5:00 - 7:30 PM MENAGERIE - Rhythm & Blues GREAT BBQ - \$2.50 VAN ROZAY - Folk Comedy SIMS ON SAX - Jazz GREEN BROS. - Bluegrass ANDY SWAN - Comedy/Juggling WHITE LACE - Acoustic Rock POETIC JUSTIS - Country Blues PEE WEE WILKINS - Jazz/Blues VAN ROZAY - Folk Comedy 7:30 PM - COMEDY SHOW "STARS UNDER THE STARS" Barry Sobel • Rick Reynolds • Cary Odes FREE!! All on South Union Lawn	
25	26 SIMS ON SAX, Jazz; 8-10:30 p.m.; Coffee House, Univ. Union	27 HELEN HUDSON - Folk/Comedy - Noon-1 p.m.; South Lawn, Univ. Union ALLAN STAROSCIAK, Easy Listening; 8-10:30 p.m., Coffee House, Univ. Union	28 DAVID BARTON, Contemporary Folk; 8-10:30 p.m.; Coffee House, Univ. Union	29
May 2 STUDENT ELECTION FORUM -SENATE OFFICES; Noon-1 p.m.; South Lawn, Univ. Union	3 STUDENT ELECTION FORUM -EXECUTIVE OFFICES; Noon-1 p.m.; South Lawn, Univ. Union JOSEPH LOMBINO -Country Rock; 8-10:30 p.m., Coffee House, Univ. Union	4 VISIONS - Reggae; Noon-1 p.m.; South Lawn, Univ. Union ED LASTRA - Flamenco Guitar, 8-10:30 p.m., Coffee House, Univ. Union	5 SCOTT WILLIAMS - Eclectic Acoustic, 8-10:30 p.m., Coffee House, Univ. Union	6 "STARLIGHT COMEDY CAFE" - Robert Aguayo, Danny Mora, Steve Bruner, Vince Champ; 8-10:30 p.m., Redwood Room, Univ. Union; \$2.50 student, \$3.50 general
9	10 BOMBADIL - Easy Listening, 8-10:30 p.m., Coffee House, Univ. Union	11 LISA NEMZO - Rock n' Roll, Noon-1 p.m., South Lawn, Univ. Union WHISKEY BEFORE BREAKFAST - String Band; 8-10:30 p.m., Coffee House; Univ. Union	12 RANDY & JIM - Easy Listening; 8-10:30 p.m.; Coffee House, Univ. Union	13

Beginning Sailing	\$30.00/\$45.00	18 Hours	CSUS AQUATIC CENTER	Basic Keelboat	\$40.00/\$55.00	12 Hours
Section Days Time Starts Ends			1983 SPRING & SUMMER SCHEDULE 985-7239	Intermediate Keelboat	\$50.00/\$65.00	
26 MW 4:30-7:30 April 25 May 11			Beginning Windsurfing \$25.00/\$30.00	All Keelboat classes will be held upon demand. Please call to express interest		
27 TTh 4:30-7:30 April 26 May 12			12 Hours	Basic Canoeing	\$20.00/\$30.00	12 Hours
28 Sat/Sun 1:30-4:30 April 30 May 22			Section Days Time Starts Ends	Advanced Canoeing	\$25.00/\$35.00	12 Hours
29 Sat/Sun 4:30-7:30 April 30 May 22			30 MW 3:00-6:00 April 11 April 20	Section Days Time Starts Ends		
30 MW 5:30-8:30 May 16 June 1			31 TTh 3:00-6:00 April 12 April 21	2 Sun 12:00-4:00 April 9 April 30		
31 TTh 5:30-8:30 May 17 June 2			32 Sat 12:00-3:00 April 30 May 28	3 Sun 12:00-4:00 May 1 May 22		
32 Sat/Sun 1:30-4:30 May 28 June 12			33 Sun 12:00-4:00 May 1 May 22	4 F 5:30-8:30 July 1 July 22		
33 Sat 4:30-7:20 May 28 July 9			34 MW 5:00-8:00 May 9 May 18	5 Sun 5:30-8:30 Aug 5 Aug 26		
34 Sun 4:30-7:30 May 29 July 10			35 TTh 5:00-8:00 May 24 June 2	6 Sun 12:00-4:00 April 17 April 30		
35 MW 5:30-8:30 June 6 June 22			36 Sat/Sun 1:30-4:30 June 4 June 12	7 Sun 12:00-4:00 June 3 June 24		
36 TTh 5:30-8:30 June 7 June 23			37 Sat 4:30-7:30 June 4 June 25	8 Sun 12:00-4:00 July 10 July 24		
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Intermediate Sailing \$35.00/\$45.00		24 Hours	39 MW 5:30-8:30 June 6 June 30	9 Sun 12:00-4:00 June 26 June 30		
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14 Sat/Sun 4:30-7:30 April 30 May 29			41 Sat/Sun 1:30-4:30 June 18 July 14	11 Sun 12:00-4:00 July 20 July 24		
15 MW 4:30-7:30 April 25 May 18			42 TTh 5:30-8:30 July 5 July 20	12 Sun 12:00-4:00 July 27 July 30		
16 TTh 5:30-8:30 May 24 June 16			43 MW 5:30-8:30 July 11 July 27	13 Sun 12:00-4:00 July 28 July 30		
17 Sat/Sun 1:30-4:30 June 4 June 26			44 Sat/Sun 1:30-4:30 July 9 July 17	14 Sun 12:00-4:00 July 29 July 30		
18 Sun 4:30-7:30 June 5 July 31			45 Sat 4:30-7:30 July 9 July 30	15 Sun 12:00-4:00 July 29 July 30		
Advanced Sailing \$35.00/\$45.00			46 Sun 4:30-7:30 July 10 July 28	16 Sun 12:00-4:00 July 29 July 30		
Section Days Time Starts Ends			47 TTh 5:30-8:30 July 19 July 28	17 Sun 12:00-4:00 July 29 July 30		
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Student Government Office—

Stop by and meet your newly elected officers. Committee positions will be available in the fall, watch for the announcements. LEGAL AID will also be available this summer, call for an appointment. Monday Friday 8 a.m. 5 p.m. 454-6784

Business Office—

Movie passes, typing service, check cashing, and many other services will be continued on into the summer Monday-Friday, 8 a.m.-4:30 p.m. 454-6276

Child Care Center—

Applications available for child care to all members of the community, not just students! Open to children 6 mos. - 9 yrs. Student jobs will be available in the fall. Monday Friday, 7:30-5:30 p.m. 454-6216.

Off-Campus Housing—

Still looking for a roommate? No need for worry, the Off-Campus Housing Office will be open all summer, offering the same great services it does now! Monday Friday, 8:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m. 454-6787

Recycling Center—

Located in the psychology building they will still be offering the great service they do now. Monday Friday, 9 a.m.-6 p.m. 454-7301.

Mountain Wolf Sports—

Raft rentals, backpack rentals, bike repair, and many other services will continue on into the summer. Monday-Friday 9 a.m.-6 p.m. 454-6321.

Women's Resource Center—

Will be having a fundraiser at Hiram Johnson High School on June 2 at 7 p.m. The concert will present Judy Fjell and other local talent. Admission is \$8/student with I.D., \$10/general. Reception following. Besides all this, the Center will be open all summer. Temporary JJ-4. Monday Friday, 9 a.m.-1 p.m. 454-7388.

Community Gardens—

If you haven't heard, the Community Gardens has expanded! They rent plots of land \$12/year, if you're a student, and \$14/year if not. Better yet, they provide everything from hoses to rakes. 454-7301, ask for George.

Aquatic Center—

Geez these people are busy!! First of all, they are hosting the largest rowing regatta on the West Coast May 19-20. All the biggies will be here including some of the smaller schools for the 1984 West Coast Rowing Championships. This is only the beginning . . . for the summer they'll be offering windsurfing, three types of sailing classes, rowing, and water-skiing classes. So, there's no excuse not to learn now! Also, a summer youth day camp will be offered for all children ages 10-17. Rentals available to all certified people. Open 7 days a week, Noon-dusk. 985-7239.



Crosscurrents

Spring 1984

• features •

THE RIDE-ALONG SONG

riding shotgun in a policecar with a cop through the streets of North Highlands can prove to be an enlightening experience...By Richard Earl Bammer

ABORTION: BETWEEN THE LINES

an insightful, in-depth analysis of a crucial social issue, as told through both the eyes of a reporter and a woman who had an abortion...By Lisa Loving

NEO-PAGANISM: WORSHIP AND RITUAL AMONG THE ELEMENTS

earnest practitioners of an ancient religion or members of a lunatic fringe?...By Eric Luchini

EDUCATING FOR LIFE

currently, there are 13 pro-freeze groups in the Sacramento area; who are they and how do they propose to stop nuclear proliferation?...By Carrie Cummings

LISA: I CRY ENOUGH AS IT IS

a graphic portrait of a prostitute...By Glen Cosby

HUMAN SURVIVAL TIPS

ever get an urge to really get away from it all? here's a couple that did — and are surviving... By Rebecca Murphy

• with •

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Crosscurrents is an annual periodical published by the editors and staff writers of the State Hornet. All views expressed herein are the responsibility of their respective authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the student body, journalism department or the administration of CSUS.

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MOOSE HUNT



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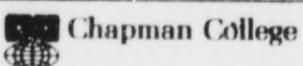
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Consult the White pages for Local Listings

EOL M/F

Crosscurrents

Foist Woids

An Incoherent Testimonial

by Scott R. Harding, editor-in-chief of a large metropolitan bi-weekly newspaper.

Macky? Why of course. Once you got to know him, well, let's just say he was the type of person you never forgot. You know what I mean?

The first time we met? Hmmm, yea, yea let me think a minute . . .

Oh yea? It was in the San Francisco County Jail — a real fine place. Cockroaches, sodomizers and philosophical winos.

Ronald Reagan was in town that night to give a speech to some neo-fascist "right-to-exploitation group," — businessmen I think they call them. Anyway, there was this huge group of protesters — peaceful, of course — and things got a little, how do you say, out of hand.

We started getting hassled by the police, and pretty soon there was a mini-riot right outside some swanky hotel. In came the paddy wagons and they took us all to jail. Some freedom of expression, huh?

They threw me into some 8' by 6' basement with no window or toilet; home for the night. After threatening to wet my pants in symbolic protest, I grew calm. That's when I noticed what looked like a dead walrus crumpled in the far corner of the cell. What was this pathetic looking pile of refuse that smelled like Richmond on a bad day?

Suddenly, I could make out the outline of what looked like a human face — God, not even a mother could love this one. With slobber steadily streaming down its face, this foul creation slowly rose to its feet, confirming my worst fears that it would soon belch to life.

"Weeeeeeeeel, thony. Wut in tarnation iz you looking at me for? Boy! 'Eye's a talkin to ya — why doncha answer me? Iz you one of them queers, iz ya?"

"Excuse me," I apologized. "It's just that I wasn't sure what you were . . . I thought you were dead or something old man."

"Old! Whose old? Whyyyyy I could wup you butt, I could drink you under the table; I could git more women than you in a nite, an I kould still keep on boogin'. So what you say to that, BOY?"

I was silent with astonishment.

"I tell you another thin, thony. You better beee karefull, cause it's hard times in dis boom town. You know what ah mean?" By that time, the old man was laughing like a lunatic.

But there was something about Macky that stuck to you like gum. Maybe it was his carefree attitude about enjoying life to its fullest, no matter how much "trouble" it meant.

"Don't need no steady work now boy. That jus too much worry. Jus gimme the open road, an eye'll do jus fine. Now what choo think a that, BOY?"

"Well Macky," I confided, "consciousness is just a hallucination that is socially acceptable." That one left him thinking for a few days, quietly so. But we took to the road like two desperados, searching for that elusive dream we both knew existed only in the most able of imaginations. And it was good.

Once in Mexico we lived out a fantasy — drunk by day, wild by night. We were amoral, and it was good. Macky had been this route before, no doubt, but it was something new and exciting for me. A once in a lifetime dream.

But, alas, all dreams must come to an end. And by some bizarre twist of perverse fate, our dream ended here, as student newspaper editors at California State University, Sacramento. Pretty weird, eh?

Macky assumed a fictitious personality — Miguel Babbino — and I begrudgingly took charge as we swam like fish and completed our "education." But our real education came in the ultimate classroom — the world. No amount of lectures could teach us what we learned in the streets, nor will it ever.

It's like Macky once said: "I can lern more bout this here country in one summer on da road then they'll ever 'teach' me in dose funky classrooms. You nose what I mean, BOY?"

Sure do. But I wonder how many other young future "citizens of America" will get the message, how many of them will dare to take a chance with their all too brief lives.



Photograph • Larry McKendall

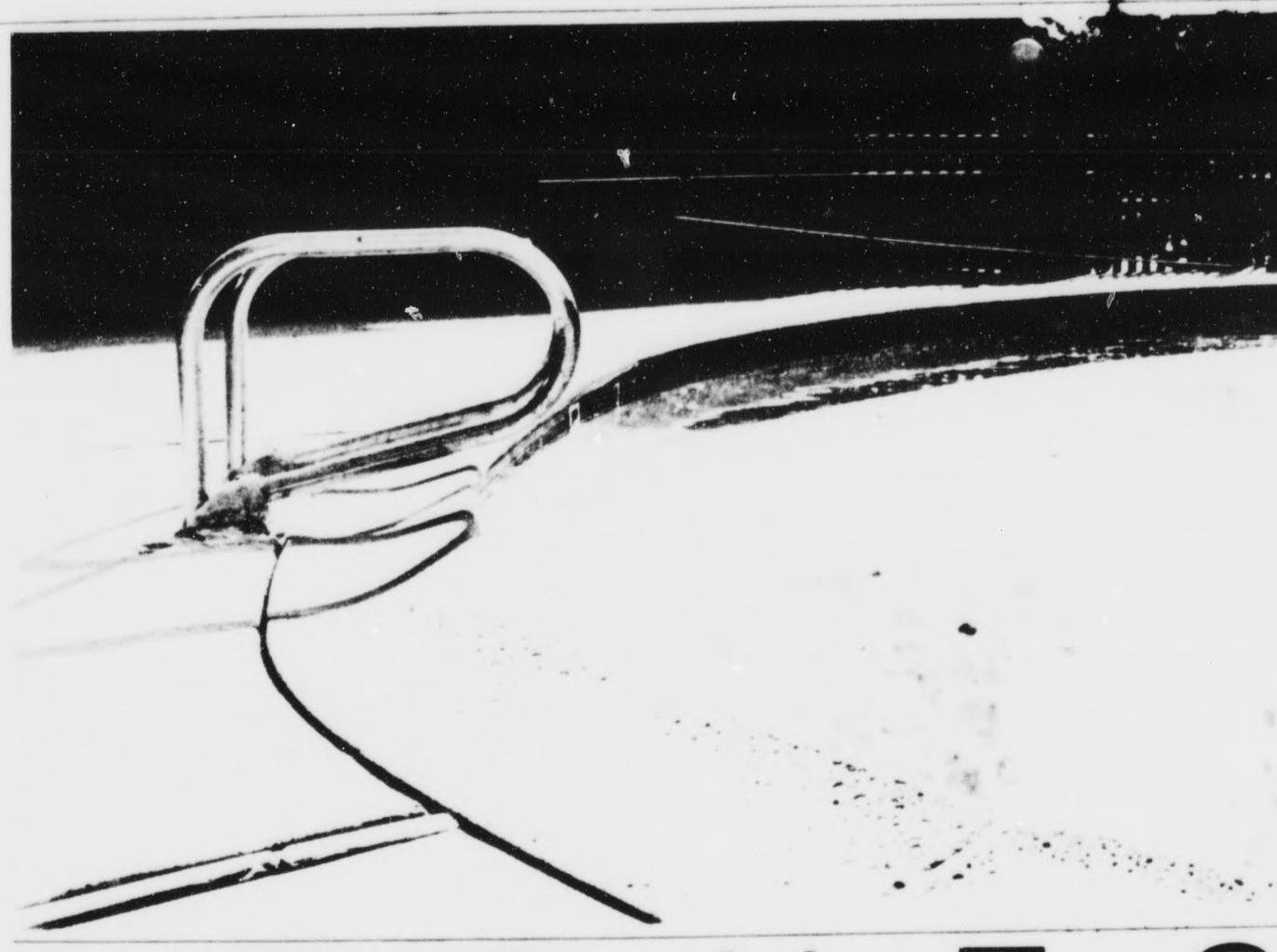
JOSEPH DREW himself slowly onto the edge of the bed, trying to ignore the block of fluorescence that was his window. He tugged at the crotch of his briefs, ran his hands carefully through his short brown hair, and for a moment thought about worrying about Trace. No, it was late, nearly noon, and that was long over. The brightness of the drawn white curtains reminded him of that. His right hand ached in his hair and it was only then he remembered the encounter of the day before.

He thought it odd to have awakened without immediately thinking about the fight, to have had to have first discovered the back of his hand swollen. After all, he had never hit a man in the face before. But for a minute there had been just the thick, dry air in his room, the half-thought of Trace, and the remote anger in thinking that the world had reached midday without him. Another day off he didn't know what to do with, he had thought.

The sun had been shining through his window for hours; Joseph imagined that people everywhere had been up since dawn. Vital, healthy people were going out to the river, to the malls, climbing into their cars — their stifling-hot cars — sliding on to the searing vinyl, all squinty-eyed in the heat and smell, turning right on red lights with certain aggression, and plunging into the heat which distorted the flat, treeless stretch just beyond the next light. He had a headache and he wondered whether his room could be pressurized, all closed up like that.

In one breathless motion, Joseph strained to the window, stretching his tall, thin frame to part the curtains and slide open the glass. He settled quickly back onto his dishevelled bed and watched the dust suspended in the sunlight begin to fall. From where Joseph sat he could see the tops of the tall pines that bordered the pool down below, the facing apartments, the graveled levee beyond the complex, and the dry blue summer sky. The curtains were sucked taut against the screen, then they hung free; he could feel a coolness down his moist back.

It was then that he spotted his gold Polo shirt, now his torn gold Polo shirt, tossed over the end of the bed, right where he had left it the day before. He laid it out flat on the sheets, holding together the frayed tear that ran from the neck to the waist. The collar



STONES

Fiction by Ty Wilson

was gone. Trace had jokingly bought the Polo because she said she was tired of seeing him in Nike T-shirts.

He stumbled across the apartment to his bathroom, jerked the faucet with his good hand, and adjusted the flow as the cold water ran over the swollen area that extended from his second knuckles up to his wrist. He felt suddenly proud to have to hurt, to have to bother with it. Something could be broken. He turned again to his gold shirt as if it were a trophy.

It, the fight, could have been worse, Joseph thought. Sure, there was the hand now red and hard under the icy water, and one ripped shirt, but that was it. The man hadn't touched him. Joseph knew he had been totally in the right. Hell, the guy was drunk, had started yelling at him at the light, and had chased him several blocks, nearly hitting the Rabbit a couple of times before Joseph had decided he wasn't going to shake him.

Standing at the basin, Joseph could feel the dullness in his head, the long-night fatigue in his thighs. The hand didn't feel any better in the water and he turned off the faucet, which dripped as he went back to stand in front of the open half of the window. The pool area was empty, the shadows dark and sharp around the PVC furniture scattered about the deck. Joseph saw something suddenly strike the concrete and skip across to the short fence that surrounded the pool area. Another rock landed in the pool,

as if sucked under. One hit the fence on a fly and he looked toward the levee that rose between the apartment complex on one side and the river on the other. Five laughing teenage boys were heaving rocks between the tall pines that grew along the base of the levee. Joseph could see them perfectly. They all wore black T-shirts and brightly colored shorts and pushed each other as they wound up to throw, stopping only to follow its trajectory over the trees. One more landed in the pool; a fat blond boy raised his fists over his head, and the group began pointing and laughing. Joseph wondered if they had spotted him standing in his underwear at the window, but they quickly disappeared over the back of the levee.

He retreated back to his bed. The covers were thrown up, as though he had had a bad dream or sex the night before. He noticed the dust stood thick along the floor board just under the window and held the heat in the carpet where a band of direct light fell across his feet. His dreams had eluded him last night. Why had he believed the possibility that the fight could have changed anything, that it had somehow unleashed something primitive and unshakeable into his system, like a chemical reaction, or had dislodged that part of him that could be intimidated?

The whole thing had lasted only a matter of seconds, the man grabbing him by his shirt after the both of them had pulled their cars off onto the sidewalk. Joseph wasn't

even out of his car, but had lunged at the raging man when he grabbed him still sitting in the open door of the Rabbit.

He tensed, lying there thinking about it. It had been years, back in the eighth grade in fact, since he had last shoved anybody. So he relived a measure of his anger as if it had been stored all that time, picturing how he had taken the man's wet, bristled neck in his grip and had leaned him over the inside of the car door.

He remembered the man had pulled him forward, then toward him, when the front of Joseph's shirt had given way and the man went to his knees as if in religious ecstasy.

Joseph could hear Mrs. Samms talking to someone down at the pool. She spoke softly, her voice barely rising above the sound of moving water. Joseph rose again to the window.

finding Mr. Samms dragging a net across the bottom of the deep end while his wife relaxed in the shade of one of the umbrellas. The water swirled around the long aluminum pole as he swung it in long, slow half-circles. They were quiet now, but Joseph could see her watching him when he bent over the end of the scoop, extracting something from the green mesh. It seemed as though there were no one else in the entire complex. Mr. Samms underhanded several small stones that skipped across the deck and settled at the base of the fence.

Joseph had measured the man down on his knees holding the front halves of his shirt and had caught him on the side of the head in the middle of his swing. He did this twice. Between blows he experienced a new limit of his own violence and it had made him feel weightless, almost expansive. Between blows, he decided, there had been nothing else, just nothing, no revelation about anything, no feeling of redemption of power or freedom, just that certain lightness. And even that passed when the man finally dropped onto all fours beside the car. Suddenly he had felt wrung out and sensed people watching him from their cars.

The whole fence shook when the Samms swung the gate shut on the pool area. There were still two or three dark spots on the bottom toward the middle of the pool. Joseph thought of how he must have looked

* Please see STONES, page 23
Spring 1984

Page 1 of 4

POLICE DEPARTMENT
UNIFORM CRIME REPORT

VICTIM'S NAME (LAST, FIRST, MIDDLE—FIRM NAME)	Scott Milligan		
VICTIM'S ADDRESS	2515 Bay		
LOCATION OF OCCURRENCE	North Highlands		
ON OR BETWEEN	MO	DAY	YEAR
V'S SEX DESCENT AGE	2	23	1984
INVESTIGATIVE DIVISION(S) AND PERSON NOTIFIED			
22, M, Tasmanian			
PROPERTY			
Person Reporting			
• TYPE BUSINESS—ON INDIVIDUALS ADD SEX • SCENTY AND AGE			
• Above			
Person Securing			
ADDRESS			
RES			
BPF AND TPF POINT TOP			
Attempt	CR/IR		
<input type="checkbox"/> Shots Fired	V/S SSN		
	152-00-0375		
V/S DOB	PC		
V/S TEL	TIME RE		
TYPE OF CRIME			
Domestic disturbance			
DATE REPORTED			
V/S OCCUPATION			
Parking CONNECTED			
TAKEN S			
W-Witness			
D-Person Discovering			

Photograph • Larry McKendell

The Ride-Along Song

The tale of a cop and a reporter and their adventures through the blind alleys and backstreets of North Highlands.

Why are police dogs always those big, sullen-looking German shepherds, sullen yet keenly aware of people's slightest movements? And why do those dogs always seem to have heads as big as basketballs, only angular like an oversized arrowhead? Their heads always seem to be hung low, staring with eyes that could be kind one moment — if it saw its trainer — or with eyes, at another time, that could seemingly rip the flesh off of a victim even before it bared the well-known, well-cared-for teeth. I was looking at one such dog sitting in a black-and-white car that had Sacramento Police Canine Unit written on it.

"Hey, there's this big dog looking at me," I told the officer as I noticed him standing inside the station on H Street. The letter I had in my hand said to use the telephone outside the building. That was my first instruction of the night. I was a Ride-Along who was trying to show a sense of humor about it.

"Just don't go near the car or make any sudden movements and you'll be all right," he cautioned. I could hear him smile.

I hung up the phone, opened the door and entered the lobby where Rosemary, the police secretary, sat. She took me up to the third floor briefing room for my orientation.

There, I read the release form which absolved the Sacramento police of any responsibility should I be harmed, injured or killed. Sign or no Ride-Along, I signed.

Then a close-cropped, perma-pressed police lieutenant entered the room and asked where I wanted to go that night.

"A high crime area," I said.

"OK," he said, scanning a map and running his eyes down a roster of names. He looked at Rosemary and said, "That'll be Tanton, officer Bill Tanton, and North Highlands."

He said North Highlands as if he knew it were synonymous with crime itself. Rosemary nodded her head and looked at me.

I met Bill Tanton just inside the door of the squad room where roll call was just beginning. It was 10 p.m.

Tanton walked me to the back of the room, filled now with approximately 75 policemen, most of them snappy-looking young men clad in perma-pressed blues and spit-shined shoes, like the lieutenant's.

We sat and watched a video tape of wanted suspects. Tanton called it "an information arrest bulletin."

with us." Evidently Raul and the woman had exchanged letters as part of a prison pen-pal program.

"I should have killed you earlier, Raul," the boy added, glowering likewise Tanton told me later that when people in North Highlands say things like that, even casually, they mean it.

"OK, Raul, it's time to go down to the station to answer a few questions," the other police officer said. "Let's go."

Raul put on his jacket. But as he opened the front door, he bolted out, shutting the door behind him and running across Grove and up into the nearby housing area.

The 30-year-old Tanton, a 6-foot, 240-pounder who played nose guard for the police during the 1984 Pig Bowl, ran after Ramirez, hopping a few chain link fences and nearly ripping his uniform.

"He's gone," he said when he returned to the squad car where I had waited. "Raul was running for his life," the other officer said. "Bill was running for his paycheck."

Tanton asked the woman a few questions about Ramirez. He warned her that the ex-con would probably return, and that she should give the police a call if he did.

The other police officer left and so did we.

T

hings stayed quiet afterwards. There was one casual arrest for drunken driving, a trip down to the station and the eventual booking with its accompanying stream of paperwork, a trip over to the new Sacramento County communications center, then breakfast at Naugles Tacos at 6:15 a.m., just as the sun was coming up over the leaking tarpapered roofs of North Highlands.

The dispatcher interrupted our huevos rancheros for a 502, a fire and possible homicide, somewhere over in the rural part of North Highlands.

Tanton sped over. When we arrived, the fire department had already done its job. The fires were out. Smoke billowed out of the windows. It was all over. Water several inches deep surrounded the house in the front and back yards. Tanton took me to where the body lay.

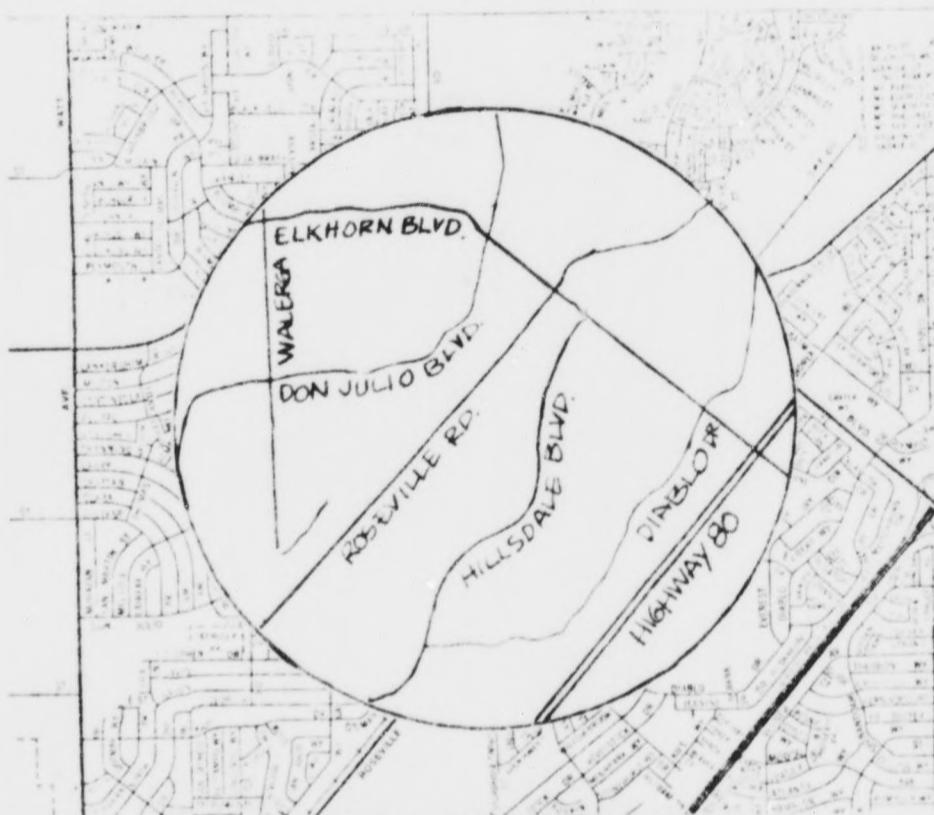
There she was, face up, covered, except for the top of her forehead and her two hands and feet, with a tan wool blanket.

She had just died, a fire fighter told us.

"Yea, she ain't been dead long," he said, looking at me and smiling. "Look how pink her skin is."

• Please see Ride-Along, page 19

Spring 1984



By Richard Earl Bammer

After roll call, Tanton and I went downstairs and out to the lot where the squad car was parked. He rearranged a few things inside the car, then loaded four 12-gauge shells into a shotgun and locked it, barrel up, into place between us.

We left the station at 10:45. It was Friday night. Cruising H Street. Tanton and another policeman drove a mock drag race for a few blocks, laughing and talking in secret police jargon as they drove with their windows down. And laughing some more. They were teenage boys for a minute.

We drove out to North Highlands and made a couple of routine drunk driving suspect stops. But Tanton arrested no one. It was too early yet. Radio traffic was light until about midnight.

The dispatcher broke in over the raspy, static radio.

"This is 23. Over," responded Tanton.

"Got a four-fifteen, domestic disturbance at 2515 Bay, North Highlands. Man with a hammer."

Tanton's police academy training clued him to be ready for anything once he arrived at a scene. Literally anything, he said, including a homicide.

"These domestic disturbances are really the worst," he said as we drove to Bay, "because the emotions are running real high. Something as simple as what we're about to go to could turn out to be assault with a deadly weapon. You just don't know."

On one such call, a 17-year-old girl almost shot him, but she tripped while walking down the concrete steps at the motel from which the call originated.



HALF PRICE FOR STUDENTS



HARVE PRESNELL

ANNIE

JULY 9-JULY 15



KEN BERRY

GEORGE M

JULY 16-JULY 22

DESI ARNAZ, JR.
**PROMISES,
PROMISES**

JULY 23-JULY 29

NEHEMIAH PERSOFF
**FIDDLER ON
THE ROOF**

JULY 30-AUGUST 5

GORDON MACRAE
SHENANDOAH

AUGUST 6-AUGUST 12

JOHN McCOOK
**SEVEN BRIDES FOR
SEVEN BROTHERS**

AUGUST 13-AUGUST 19

DONALD O'CONNOR
SHOW BOAT

AUGUST 20-AUGUST 26

ANTHONY GEARY
**JESUS CHRIST
SUPERSTAR**

AUGUST 27-SEPT. 2

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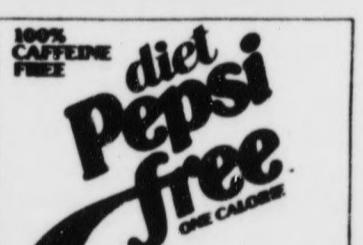
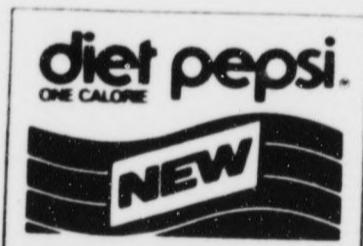
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Out of the Closet

Just as we are about to come
a pair of armadillos
crawl out of the closet
mocking our tender flesh
making us see the marks
we make as we alternately
cling and claw.

Falling back on separate pillows
we stare at them and wish
just once
for such natural resources.

They lumber stiff-legged
barrel-bodied up to the bed
and watch us with equal praise
realizing perhaps
that no one has made
a handbag of our kind lately.

Scales drop from our eyes
skin flowers softly
as we finish
our delicate business
roll over
and reach for our shoes.

—Victoria Datkey

Three Miles Out

For Sarah & Sue

Three miles out
in open marshland and free air
it always comes back to you
the car
the only visible sign of the town
you left miles down the road

You come out here, kill the engine and watch
the marsh hawk stoop
to bury
his talons in rabbit fur watch
two black-shouldered kites pirouette coupling
clutching one another holding falling
dark white wings into tules

This is instinct
like your feet spinning gravel
each stride another step
each stride and you understand this is
the right place

as the sun tilts
low beyond the Carquinez
here where marsh water shimmers
bronze in dusk light where
land and sky merge on the horizon

—Sharyn Stever

You Could Dream My River

I think of my dead brother
in a meadow, an unnaturally green meadow,
where a white horse stands,

muscles in his haunches
rippling like water running gently
over rough shallows.

A tiny sparrow
(I'll call him my brother)
perches on a strand

of tall grass wavering
in the breeze, and bending slightly
from the weight of a small heart.

Here you could dream a river,
flowing smooth and green
by the meadow.

The white horse lifts his head
and listens. The wind
running through the trees

sounds like the river
that isn't here.
but the sparrow leaps into flight

and disappears
into a river
of blue air.

—Gary Short

To A Gourmet Friend

What if you were a lobster
wrestled from the sea,
dropped in boiling water
for a last swim,
and someone said about you,
"This creature can't feel;
no nerve endings; its
skin is armor."

Even
if you felt no pain
in the human way,
could you guarantee
that when your ebony
eyes zig-zagged, wide-open
in a twisting body
toward scalding blackout,
they would be unfeeling,
or blind to being blinded?

—Angela Karszo



Between The Lines

ABORTION

By Lisa Loving

WHAT FOLLOWS is a compilation of two related stories. The first, written by Lisa Loving, is that of the political and legal aspects of abortion. The second, in italics, is a narrative given by Mary, a CSUS student, about her experience with abortion (the name Mary is being used to protect the woman's privacy). The authors hope that in this way, readers will be able to read "between the lines" of the traditional news story — and see the personal aspect of abortion which is seldom told or considered.

More than 8 million abortions were performed in the United States between 1973 and 1981, according to *Mother Jones* magazine, and as many as 6 million are estimated to have been done in the decade before the operation's legalization 11 years ago.

"When I became pregnant last year, I was struck by our society's lack of openness on abortion. I wanted to live out my idealistic notions of satisfied motherhood. But at the same time, I knew I'd make a lousy mom. I was frustrated that my decision to keep or terminate my child's life had been intruded on by lots of men who tried to make or break laws about abortion. As a matter of fact, I was frustrated and depressed about the whole situation — after all, it amounted to my private life."

In 1973, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled in *Roe vs. Wade* that women have a constitutional right to choose abortion. In 1983, the Court reaffirmed its decision in the case of the *City of Akron (Ohio) vs. the Akron Center for Reproductive Rights*. This more recent lawsuit constituted a major setback for "right-to-life" groups, and represents the present legal status of abortion rights.

"After my pregnancy test came back positive, I felt instantly alone and alienated — from my family, friends and boyfriend, the child's father. The pregnancy became a terrible secret I couldn't tell to anyone, let alone discuss as the normal, immediate problem it was. I knew that millions of girls and women had faced the same situation, and sometimes as I sat in class I realized there were probably women sitting around me who had dealt with an unwanted pregnancy. Each day became an ordeal to be faced."

The issue of abortion is viewed alternately by "pro-choice" activists as a "move beyond a socially ingrained passivity" (Laura Shapiro, *The Nation*, Oct. 8, 1983), and by others as "an escape from an obligation that is owed to another" (Mary Meehan, *The Progressive*, Sept. 1980). The anti- and pro-abortion split is usually characterized as one between left-wing political thinkers

and right-wing groups. However, the issue has drawn men and women of all denominations and ideologies to both sides, creating rifts within the women's movement itself.

"The term 'unwanted pregnancy' is in itself misleadingly simple. The decision to end my child's life came after weeks of dream-shattering, goal-building chaos. Visions of my parents' strong marriage and my own happy childhood mixed with the hard facts of my immaturity, lack of financial independence and long-outlined career goals. My boyfriend had let me know early on that he was not going to help me raise a child; he faced the same financial and emotional realities I did, as well as holding his own hopes for an independent future. By the time I made the final decision to have an abortion, I had overcome many days of feeling that suicide would be the easiest way out of my problems."

Perhaps the best organized and funded campaign on the abortion issue is that of the National Right to Life Committee (NRLC). Nationwide, the NRLC commands an army of millions of volunteers. It raises funds from large corporations and church dioceses, in addition to heavy contributions from individuals. The main goal of the organization is the passage of the Human Life Amendment by the year 1990. This constitutional amendment would declare the fetus a living person and make abortion a form of murder. The proposed amendment does not allow exemptions for rape or incest-induced pregnancies.

"I don't want to give the impression that my decision to have an abortion sprang from a desperate mind; if I had actually gone over the edge of reality, I probably would have kept the baby. The decision was made when I finally threw out my ideals and dreams of what motherhood would be like for me — without the child's father, and probably entirely on the financial backs of my parents. I knew indefinite postponement of my college degree and career would become a bitter reminder of what could have been. Knowing my impatient and often unreasonable temper, it all stood a good chance of being taken out on an innocent child."

Within the best known women's political group in the United States, the National Organization for Women (NOW), opinion is divided on where in the group's political platform abortion should stand. According to feminist writer Deborah Baldwin, "With the exception of the American Civil Liberties Union, influential liberal organizations are afraid that dealing

with the abortion issue would divide their constituencies." Baldwin and others have complained that "abortion rights play second...to the ERA," but should be at the front of the equal rights movement.

"I've heard people say, 'Why get an abortion? Why not just have the kid and put it up for adoption? It's just nine months out of your life.' I thought about this for a long time. I didn't want to kill a potential child. Even though I support a women's choice on what she wants to do with her body, I was under no illusions about what abortion is. But I realized that the reason I wanted my freedom from motherhood at this point in my life was that one year could make all the difference to me. Who knows what would have happened if I had brought the child to birth — after nine months, would I have had the heart to let it go to a stranger? If I had, would I have regretted it later? Anybody who supposes that this option is 'just nine months out of your life' is guilty of gross oversimplification or sheer stupidity."

By contrast, political writer Mary Meehan counters that, "The abortion issue, more than most, illustrates the occasional tendency of the left to become so enthusiastic over what it calls 'reform' that it fails to think the issue through." Meehan has written that the pro-choice movement contradicts the nature of the left political spectrum, specifically what she describes as the liberal "respect for human life." According to Meehan, "We don't have either the luxury or the right to choose some types of killing and say they're all right while others are not."

"It seemed as though I waited hours at the CSUS women's clinic to find out the results of my tests. The nurse took me into a back room and told me I was pregnant, and for an awkward moment she tried to figure out if I was glad or not. After I left the room, I was allowed to see a psychological counselor. In the counselor's office all my emotions slipped loose and I started talking hysterically about all the hidden fears I had kept inside me the past weeks. The women gave me a box of tissues and assured me that, even though she was taking notes, the visit would be kept confidential."

The "right to lifers" greatest victory came in 1980, when the Supreme Court upheld the Hyde Amendment. This ruling prevents the federal government from funding abortions unless the mother's life is endangered by the

pregnancy. Because of this law, victims of rape and incest which result in pregnancy cannot obtain federally subsidized abortions. This had led pro-choice groups to oppose the Hyde provision as "an attack on women, (not)... a defense of the unborn." Although federal funding is not available,

many women are able to obtain aid through state and local programs. California is one state which does offer abortion funding.

The women's clinic gave me a list of places in the city which performed abortions. The nurse pointed out that if I didn't have enough money, I could get government assistance. When I called one of the clinics, they gave me an appointment over the phone and told me the operation would cost about \$300. First I made the arrangements, then I wondered what I could do to get that much money."

The Hyde Amendment serves as a focal point for pro-choice activists, who claim this restriction puts inordinate pressure on poor women. Groups such as the National Abortion Rights Action League (NARAL), the Reproductive Rights Network and Catholics for Free Choice, among others, point out the Hyde measure did not prevent abortion, but created different problems for those seeking that alternative. According to Barbara Milbauer, author of *The Law Giveth: Legal Aspects of the Abortion Controversy*, "An estimated 94 percent of the needy women who were denied Medicaid funds under the amendment were able to get abortions anyway, often from dipping into the family's budget for food and clothing."

"In the end, I came up about \$150 short. I knew I had to pay the clinic in cash when I went in for the operation. The morning of the abortion, I called my parents and lied, making up a reason why I needed \$150 in cash in the next few hours. They wired me the money through Western Union, and I got to the clinic with the money at the latest possible moment."

A handful of clinics in the Sacramento area perform abortions legally. The procedure is considered lawful in these offices because they operate under the auspices of government regulations, using registered, trained doctors and nurses. Illegal abortions are performed usually outside of hospitals and clinics, and without the customary guarantees of medical competency, at a greatly reduced cost.

"In the clinic waiting rooms, about half a dozen young men sat nervous and solitary. They were sitting out their girlfriends' surgeries, waiting to take them home when it was over. In the back rooms about the same number of women sat wearing paper gowns, waiting their turns and talking in high-

pitched voices. We were all scared and trying to help each other be strong. It was hard to watch each woman disappear through the door into the operating room, one at a time."

Abortion clinics are often the targets of protests by pro-life groups. The method of protest ranges from simply picketing and organizing vigils to openly attempting to dissuade people entering the buildings.

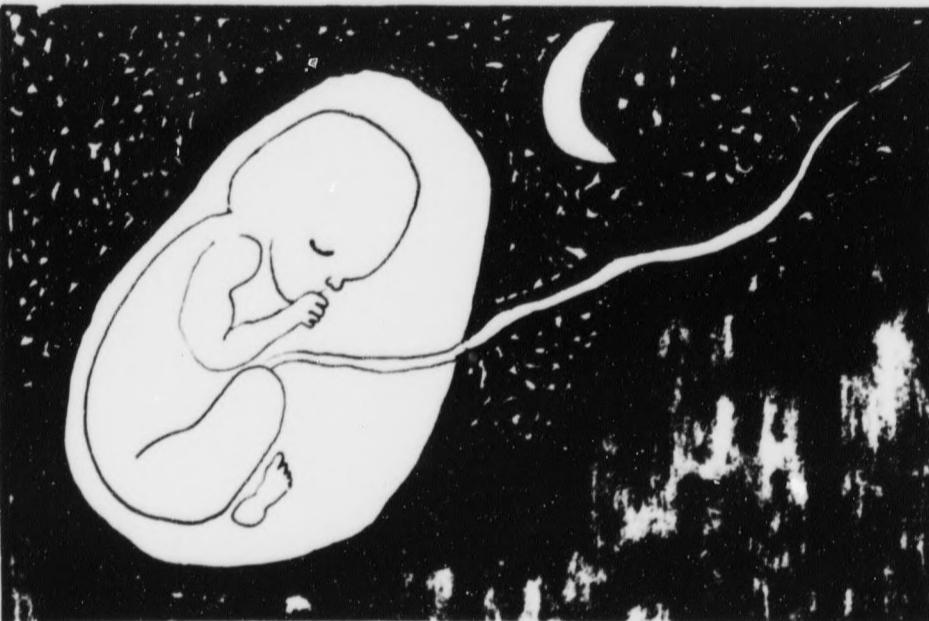
"I was the last one to go in. When I was finally alone in the room with a friend I had made while making the actual abortion appointment (she had been making hers

Thus the issue of abortion rights in the United States is a point of great polarization among women. It has also become a topic of contention for a powerful group of people who will never experience abortion firsthand — namely, men. Whether the Human Life Amendment will triumph over the Equal Rights Amendment remains to be seen. Until the legal and political problems are finally resolved, it is safe to assume that the non-personal aspect of the question of unborn children's rights over mothers' rights will continue to generate additional con-

flicts among millions of women in this country.

"Throughout this experience, I wished there was some way I could get in touch with all the women around me who were pregnant and in trouble and just talk with them. I couldn't seem to do that though, and could feel a vague frustration in the air from those other nameless, faceless women who must have felt — no, feel — unsure and isolated in the middle of this sex-saturated society which still rejects the plight of the 'girl in trouble,' the woman contemplating abortion."

"If I could talk to them now, I would tell them not to be ashamed, and not to be afraid of their own ambitions for a better life. Almost a full year after my abortion, my conscience does not torment me about what I chose to do. The thing that does torment me is that if I had been in the same situation 15 years ago, I would have been forced by law to either have a child, or risk my life in an illegal abortion. Ultimately, these laws are created by men and no matter what people say, men will never understand what it feels like to face an unwanted pregnancy the way women must. The woman of today who is contemplating abortion should remember that she has the right — the legal and moral right — to choose and shape her own future."



too), the facade of jokes and reassurances finally cracked. We both started to cry. My friend, I learned, was in high school. Her parents didn't know she was pregnant, and she barely scraped together the \$300 to have her operation. This was her second abortion in four years, she told me, and her boyfriend was being very supportive. She had thought he would dump her when he learned she was pregnant, but he hadn't, she said. Then she went through the door, led by the clinic director's hand.

"At this point I almost became sick. I was all alone, and I could hear someone crying beyond the door."

Violence also seems to have become a tool for pro-life believers. According to Diedre Hall, a writer for *Mother Jones*, seven major arson attacks against abortion clinics were reported in the United States between 1975 and 1981. Employees of the Pregnancy Consultation Clinic, a Sacramento facility which performs abortions, say cases of vandalism during pro-life demonstrations at the office occur frequently. The clinic's walls are often stained red from paint-filled balloon bombs.

"In a few minutes, the director came for me. As she held my hand and led me to the operating room, she explained that the clinic did not use drugs except for a local anesthetic administered during the operation. It was going to hurt, she said, but just for a second, then it would all be over. The woman introduced me to the doctor, and held my hand tightly while the surgery was performed. It lasted about 10 minutes. Then she led me to the recovery room. All those weeks of upheaval were over in less than an hour."

WOMAN:
Always a chain-wearer, she puts on necklaces, anklets, bracelets and linked rings like changing auras. But not all her chains are gold.

Ingrown, invisible,
her childhood chain, coiled inside
her belly, keeps on feeding her
brain, in lieu of the severed cord.

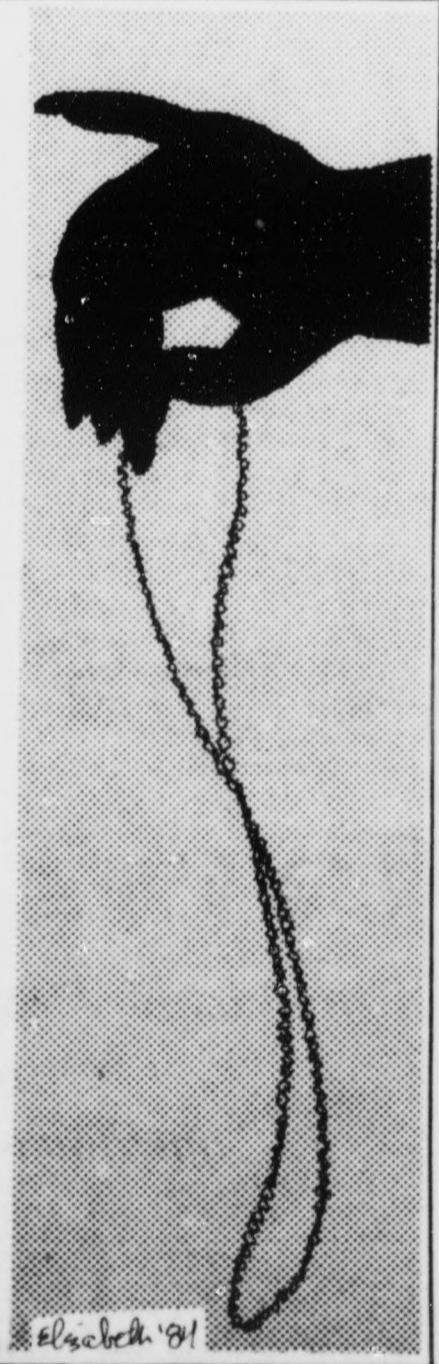
Meanwhile, the anklet that used to guard
her puberty, snakes its way into her head —
a longing for — who can tell what?
And there it vies for attention with
the solid band which bound to the ribbon
wired around her bridal spray,
now weighs her whole body down —
not merely her fourth finger.

The flowers hide their thorns at first,
to wound her later. Will they bloom
as daughters whom she'll sprinkle with
her endless drops of worry-blood,
or as a crop of sons whose prickly
stems will ripen to reseed the ever
freshly-furrowed battlefields?

She'll know
her great defeat just before
her children toss her a last bouquet
and divide her gold chains among themselves.
It'll come with a plastic, hospital-white,
old-age bracelet — when it marks her wrist;
when her work-&-prayer links, rustworm
straining around her enlarged heart
begin to snap . . .

She'll also know
that the breaking of the links doesn't free
the heart. Feeling their blunt, uneven
ends embed themselves like wire-worms,
she'll let her heart zip-up each exit
with a scar.

—Angela Karszo





Bye-Bye Ronnie!

An exclusive interview with the Chief-of-State as he readies for the ranch after two long terms in the White House.

Satire By Tim Blake

EDITOR'S NOTE: This interview takes place on Jan. 19, 1989, as President Ronald Reagan readies to retire as the nation's chief executive. Although Reagan has not held a press conference in two years, he does grant interviews to the print media so long as his picture is not taken.

REPORTER: Mr. Reagan, you are the first president since Dwight Eisenhower to serve two full terms in office. How would you summarize your presidency? Was it successful in achieving its goals?

REAGAN: Well, some of you in the media feel my presidency has been a failure. But we've accomplished a long list of goals that I laid out in my 1980 and 1984 campaigns. We got the constitutional amendments to outlaw abortion and to allow public school prayer passed. It's up to the states to ratify those amendments, but I don't think they will if this constant drumbeat of pessimism in the press continues. Let me see what else have we accomplished. Well, we did get the economy moving on the right track before the Democrats messed things up by not passing all the budget cuts I called for year after year.

REPORTER: Mr. Reagan, most people believe the half-trillion dollar annual deficit is what has caused the current depression. They blame your refusal to raise taxes or cut the defense budget as bringing on the great economic collapse of '87. Unemployment is now at 22 percent and 10 million people are homeless. Who do you blame for these economic problems? Do you feel your administration has contributed to this mess?

REAGAN: There you go again. You reporters are all the same. You wonder why I stopped having press conferences, you can't ask a good question or report on the good news. I . . .

REPORTER: Excuse me, Mr. President. I thought the reasons you stopped having press conferences is that you couldn't stop nodding your head, you forget things and Nancy said the make-up made you look like a clown.

REAGAN: As Walter Mondale once said in a debate, "baloney! I'm as fit as a fiddle both physically and mentally." Well, didn't you see that article I wrote for *Reader's Digest* about being physically fit at my age. I'm almost 78 you know. Or is it 79 . . .

REPORTER: So you say you don't forget things?

REAGAN: Absolutely! My opponents in all three elections were Ted Kennedy and Walter Hart.

REPORTER: Well, then, Mr. President how do you explain that nearly catastrophic day in 1986 when you forgot that the Soviets were conducting military maneuvers and nearly pressed the button, so to speak. Mr. President, critics charge that you nearly caused a nuclear holocaust.

REAGAN: Not me. It was those Russians who are still hellbent on taking over the entire world. That's why we're fighting in Central America right now. We're making pretty good progress, too. Does the press have an answer for that? They thought it was going to be another Vietnam. We proved them wrong. We've only been fighting there for two years now; look how long Vietnam went on.

REPORTER: Speaking of the Central American War, do you really think the loss of thousands of American lives are worth it to merely fight back a "communist menace?"

REAGAN: None of those that have died so far in Central America has died in vain. They are protecting the entire Western Hemisphere from communist aggression inspired by the Russians and Cubans. I feel bad that we had to commit troops to that part of the world or anywhere for that matter. But, presidents never say never.

• Please see Bye-Bye, page 23



N

NEO PAGANISM:

WORSHIP AND RITUAL AMONG THE ELEMENTS

*Text by Eric Luchini
Photos by Jerrie Gullick*



s Thorr Wizardgod (his legal name, taken from the Norse god of thunder) walked across the CSUS campus, he evoked a natural charisma. An enticing young woman stopped him.

"Hi, Thorr!" she exclaimed. "When are we gonna get married and move to Tahiti?"

"Next week," he replied nonchalantly.

The excited woman was not the only person taken in by his presence; many eyes were cast his way. Is it that his face resembles the innocent glow of Leif Garret, or maybe that being a Neo-Paganist wizard affords him this unique mysticism?

Neo-Paganism is the practice of traditional Pagan theories by 20th century individuals. For a number of CSUS students, it is "a way of thinking and doing," and they argue that it is an honest religion. There are others, however, who claim that it is just another dime-a-dozen cult and even label it as being a lunatic fringe.

According to Romano Luchini, a world history graduate from CSUS, Paganism is the world's oldest religion. "The term was coined by Christians to connote those who do not worship the Christian God," he explained, "or more specifically, those who worship more than one god. Their basic beliefs lie in natural phenomena such as the elements of the earth and the universe."

Thorr added some personal reasons for his being a Neo-Paganist. "We not so much worship our gods as we do work with them," he noted. "They help us control the environment through practices that are both ritually and psychologically oriented."

Thorr and his contemporaries believe that the way Paganism and such religions as Christianity differ is the same as that of country god versus city god. Pagans see the city god as a single, disembodied voice that commands. The country, or nature gods, participate with humans and actually present themselves. "Country gods are the kind to drink and have laughs with," Thorr grinned.

Thorr was not always a Pagan. In fact, he

was raised as a Catholic and remained so only until he became aware of its inherent hypocrisy and bigotry. At age 11, he began reading about occultism. By the time he was 16, he decided that he was a Pagan under the guise of a Catholic, and therefore abandoned his former religion.

"My church was very upset about my leaving because I was an altar boy and

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he nuns said it
was a one-
way ticket to
hell.
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actively involved in the parish," he recalled. "The nuns said it was a one-way ticket to Hell, and that a diabolical act contrived by Satan had swooped down on the church. They probably thought about performing an exorcism."

Thorr's parents were not pleased either, nor did they care for his name change. He respected their feelings but felt that his given name was not that of a magician. He changed it to one that told about himself.

Thorr soon found himself as part of the Wizards' Guild, a small, informal organization of about four or five members. The group hosts a variety of Pagan forms and honors many gods and traditions. "We are especially devoted to anything related to magic," Thorr added.

John Laviolette is another CSUS student who has an affection for magic. Laviolette's theory is that "Paganism is closer to reality than any other religion. It is more tangible, and therefore people feel it is strange."

Laviolette and Thorr have, on several occasions, practiced magic together on campus. They both agree that the trees in front of the Music Building are a place of strong receptivity. "We've done some great magic up there," Thorr boasted.

The Pagan perspective of magic is quite different from the instant metamorphosis aspect displayed on TV. Pagan magic contains none of the antics seen on such shows as *Bewitched* or *I Dream of Jeannie*.

Thorr said that it takes more than the snap of a finger to make something happen, and that real magic is not strong enough to do something like make a person disappear. "People don't realize how much power it would take to move some great object," he pointed out. "A magician might need months of meditation to perform one ritual."

"Our concept of magic," he continued, "is that it is a change in conformity through the use of will. But, it is a neutral force, not

white or black. The user is the one to impose whether it is negative or positive."

Magic is incorporated into Pagan worship which includes the actual participation with their gods. In theory, all the Pagan gods exist and work, and if enough worshippers believe in them, they can actually make them appear. With the powers of these gods combined with the will of the magicians, the two forces can produce magic during the ceremonies.

What magicians like Thorr and Laviolette actually make happen begins with something like the following: they make a prayer to each individual god and ask for their blessings so that they may gain power. The power that they receive can be used throughout the entire year, and they store it in such objects as a staff or sword.

"I can place the staff in the ground and draw power out of the earth like electricity."



Thorr explained. "I can then use this power, with aid from a prayer, to raise up winds to perform a ritual." Has Thorr actually done this before? "Sure. Lots of times."

Typically, non-Pagans have great difficulty in understanding and comprehending anyone who claims that he can actually alter the form of something by using his mind in combination with powers from the gods. In actuality, Pagans have two different variations of magic that they perform. The first is ritual magic, and the second is psychic magic.

"Ritual magic is performed in praise of certain gods and asks them for blessings," explained Laviolette. "No visual changes take place. Psychic magic, however, involves using mental techniques which actually affect a change. This you can see."

Psychic magic is basically what scientists call mental telepathy. Pagans believe that all people have the initial power, but it takes a great deal of understanding, practice, and help from the gods to be able to use it to its full effectiveness. "One girl I know can call her pets to her without using verbal or non-verbal communication," Thorr remarked. "She just merely concentrates on it."

On one particular overcast afternoon,

Thorr, Laviolette, and Thorr's brother Dyrwyddon-Sidhe-Cynfydd (also his legal name, which basically means a highly respected musician who sings about the laws of the people and battle songs) performed a ritual magic ceremony in a grove of trees in front of the Music Building. "We like the public to see what we do," admitted Thorr. "We want to present Paganism to them on a silver platter."

On this chilly afternoon, the three magicians performed a self blessing. They began with meditation, then a narrative which led to a ritualistic dance. The ceremony included calling the sky, trees and several mythical gods to come to the exact site of the event.

"We will start with meditation and imagine ourselves as trees," announced Laviolette at the start of the ritual. "We will then draw energy up from the ground like

tree roots do, so that we may get in tune with our minds and the gods."

The three closed their eyes and engaged in unified meditation. Laviolette was clad in a black robe, while Thorr and Dyrwyddon donned cloaks and hats. Resembling warlocks from Halloween, they were very mysterious in their presence. They remained silent while clutching tightly their staves and swords.

Passersby walked in awe with their mouths open. Surely, strange events do attract a bewildered stare, but these onlookers seemed to be enchanted and perhaps even enticed by the ceremony.

Laviolette led the ceremony speaking in a "spontaneous narration." With his preliminary call, he asked the gods to "be with us this hour . . . make our feet as roots so that we may mix with you." They then formed a circle around a piece of ground.

Thorr brought forth a brass urn filled with water, and he poured it on the ground so that "the trees could drink." As he explained, "It is an offering of a sympathetic token to the gods." With that, Dyrwyddon played his flute while the other two danced around him to form a circle.

After bowing to the ground to "get in

touch with the earth," they unwound the circle by walking in the reverse order that they had danced. They then thanked the gods and sent them back to where they came from. With a clapping of their hands, the circle was reopened.

The daytime ceremony was not an unusual time of day for such an event. Contrary to popular belief that they are usually done under moonlight in a graveyard, most Pagan ceremonies are performed during the day.

Additionally, music is an important part of the ceremonies. "The combinations of different sounds has great power," Thorr said. "It really adds something to the magic. Dyrwyddon is using music, such as playing a flute, to simulate the sound of running water, to heighten magic. Good vibrations and sensations come from it."

The seemingly stereotypical garb that the magicians wear is also an important part of the ceremonies, and it is worn out of tradition. They usually wear the same outfits because their bodies adjust to the vibrations they have received from preceding rituals.

The clothes are not everyday attire, but then neither is performing magic an everyday practice. The Pagans believe that magic is more of a feeling. They only perform a ritual when they feel the spiritual need to, and that is the only time the outfits are worn. "One day we're magicians," noted Thorr, "but the next day we're back to being computer programmers or whatever."

Magic apparently has other uses that go beyond nature, most notably in the world of politics. Reaganomics has changed consid-

erably since its inception, yet only the Pagans know the true reasons why.

*nd as for burn-
ing in hell and
worshipping
Satan, we're
not worried —
we don't be-
lieve in them.*

"When Reagan gave a speech recently on TV," chuckled Laviolette, "we started heckling while we were casting our spell on him. He began stumbling over words, and several people in the audience started laughing."

"Then came his tax budget, and nobody could understand it. They don't know what he was trying to do."

Thorr added, "Before his speech, Americans were 52 percent in favor of him. Since then, his popularity has slightly decreased. It might be a coincidence, but our magic seems to be working."

TWO POEMS FROM THE SERIES.
Bad Boys In Florida
 BY C.K. DOBBS

Lou's Funeral in Miami

Last Tuesday someone rigged a plastic bomb to the inside of Lou's toilet tank, wired it to the flusher. The casket's closed. Dee Dee, Lou's sister from the Bronx, is in charge. His father couldn't do it, said he'd miss too much work. Boca Chica's here. (He "gets wet" over Dee Dee). Her two cute kids, Brutus & Cleopatra, are under a huge, gold gilt crucifix pinching each other & giggling. Some creep is on the altar with a guitar playing Greensleeves. On the casket are rhododendrons & red roses Boca Chica & I bought at the A & P. No other flowers. Nobody else here.

I wonder if Lou knew what hit him, if he had time to have a glimpse for once of what he was before his life got blown out the top of his head. He knew he wouldn't see thirty-five. We talked about it: He hoped he'd feel death coming on slowly, maybe during one of his blood-puking, alcoholic fits. So he could see his surprise unwrapping, & hold it, gaze at it just long enough to fall in love with it. He always insisted guys get a boner in the moment of annihilation, freezing it that way for eternity.

Dee Dee's standing by the casket trying to cry. She burps a little instead. Boca Chica's smiling at her. She fondles a silver cross that hangs into her cleavage, & smiles at him. When the funeral's over, I take the kids to Burger King so Boca Chica & Dee Dee can walk together on the beach. Before biting into his whopper, Brutus asks me if Lou died in a war.



Illustration • Elizabeth Maes

Evening With Cecil

In the Everglades hidden amid the clamor of crickets & budgies, Cecil & I are slumped into bamboo chairs, near a swamp & gravel airstrip, slurping Cuban sugar rum. We're expecting Boca Chica Bill's converted Liberator whose fuselage, Cecil says, is stuffed to its gunnels with jingle weed & bananas. Cecil's angry again as always when he's quiet, probably rages in his sleep. He must be thinking of the last seven months he spent in Florida State Pen — after which his sixteen year old nymph-lover, Sabra, dumped him. Gazing over the swamp, my head throbbing, I remember when Cecil got back to Key West.

He accused me of screwing her, then threw his Moped at me, but hit Sabra instead, the kickstand poking right through her foot: she eased it off, stood slowly, didn't cry. Her kind don't; they just kill you later, when you're not looking. She called him a jelly-back-banana-sucker — & boy. On the way to the hospital in Cecil's super-charged CJ-7 she reeled & hollered, smeared blood into the upholstery & into Cecil's grey hair while I quietly looked out the window. He stopped to buy her candy & flowers. She dumped him anyway: I'm glad. Not that I want her (she'll wear you out, make you limp for days; it's not worth it). It's just that Cecil is a forty-eight year-old merchant marine, his sense of youth lost in the wake of five wives & fourteen children who hate his guts. I hate him too, yet he fascinates me, especially now, the way all his rage lours over the lily pads.

The Liberator is groaning in now. Through the dark its rebuilt Rolls Royce engines sputter & backfire, spewing the smell of sizzling Rislone into the breeze, then is silent — until Boca Chica cranks his South American revolutionary music on the cockpit tape deck. He & Lou climb out & tell us to get up off our asses & help unload. We say we're too damn drunk. They understand.



Educating For Life

By Carri Cummings

"I'm going to drop just one nuclear bomb. It has five times the collective energy of all bombs dropped in World War II. Twenty-six miles from here the heat flash is so intense clothes burst into flames and you become a walking, flaming torch . . . If you get into a fallout shelter on the periphery of the lethal area (more than 20 miles out), the fire will literally suck the oxygen out of the shelter and you'll die of asphyxiation, lack of oxygen, and the blast and heat will turn the fallout shelter into a crematorium."

*— Dr. Helen Caldicott
March 12, 1984*

Education is the key to preventing this scenario from ever being played out — education and action.

So say the more than 13 peace groups in Sacramento. And while each group has its own style, its own strategy and its own philosophy, they all work toward the same goal: to freeze the nuclear weapons manufactured by the United States and the Soviet Union.

Unlike the anti-war movement of the 1960s — a movement whose membership was composed primarily of young liberals — today's freeze movement claims both blue collar and white collar workers as members. There are freeze organizations for doctors, lawyers, educators, women and students, as well as grandmothers, religious organizations and political action committees.

Each group holds the common belief that the threat of nuclear war can be reduced if the consciousness of the local citizenry is raised through education. They say that

freezing nuclear weapons is the first step toward disbanding nuclear arsenals.

"This administration has been stockpiling huge quantities of morphine just in case there is a nuclear war."

Physicians for Social Responsibility has more than 10,000 members nationally with a local chapter of 300 members who spend much of their free time lecturing on the medical implications of a nuclear war.

The group focuses on the aftermath of nuclear war and what it will be like for those who survive. "We don't care about who's right or who drops the bomb," Marilyn Gueldon, a member of the group said, "we just care about the aftereffects."

Those effects, Gueldon said, would include widespread disease caused by rotting corpses that would be too numerous to move. Many survivors would be severely burned, and others would suffer from vomiting, diarrhea and nausea caused by radiation sickness. Severe radiation contamination would lead to bleeding gums, open sores, and, in most cases, death.

"We want people to know," Gueldon said, *"that there is no recovery. They can't expect aid from medical facilities, physicians and nurses because hospitals would be destroyed and medical personnel would be among the dead and injured."*

Caldicott, a member of the organization and three times its president, travels the United States and Australia lecturing on the consequences of nuclear war. Caldicott is



also founder of Women's Action for Nuclear Disarmament, Inc. (WAND), which has nearly 100 chapters nationally and over 100 members in Sacramento.

"Think about your children, think about your mother and father . . . Think about spring and the flowers . . . Think about everything you love . . ."

Barbara Weidner, founder of Grandmothers for Peace, said grandmothers have traditionally been peacemakers in families, and she is now calling on them to be peace-makers for the world.

"Being a good grandmother in today's world means more than warm hugs and kisses, and cookies, jams and quilts," Weidner said. "If you are really a good grandmother and you want this world to be a better place for your children and grandchildren, you have got to — you absolutely must — get involved."

Weidner is 55; she's had 10 children, seven grandchildren and has twice been arrested for civil disobedience.

Grandmothers for Peace was formed two years ago after Weidner spent five days in jail for blocking traffic entering Mather Air Force Base.

"When I was in jail my grandson told his friends, 'My grandma loves us so much she went to jail to save us from the bomb,'" Weidner said. "He's convinced his grandma can save the world, and if I can do that, think of what all the grandmas in the world can do."

Weidner emphasized that, like other freeze organizations, her group is a vehicle for people to work toward a common goal as well as a place for people to combat the feeling of futility that typically accompanies the thought of nuclear war.

"We try and impress that you have power," Wiedner explained. "Not everyone can commit an act of civil disobedience, but we ask that people pray about the issue. We ask that grandmothers write letters to their elected officials and speak to their families. If we come together, we can change things."

"This is a democracy, and sometimes you have very good presidents and sometimes you have very bad presidents. Right now, you happen to have a very dangerous president."

Making a change, a change in the composition of the nation's elected officials, is the aim of Freeze Voter '84. The organization is trying to elect pro-freeze politicians to Congress and the White House by educating voters on candidates and by raising money to help finance the campaigns of those sympathetic to the freeze.

In 1982, more than 11.5 million Americans voted for a verifiable bilateral nuclear weapons freeze. But according to Henry Lively of Freeze Voter '84, public policy has not reflected that consensus. Freeze Voter '84 is asking that citizens pledge to vote for candidates who support a verifiable bilateral nuclear weapons freeze, regardless of party affiliation. The organization hopes to gain political clout by bringing together a block of freeze voters.

"This is an urgent issue," Lively, a retired state worker and full-time Freeze Voter volunteer said. "We may be alive in four years and we may not; it depends on who is in the White House and who is in Congress."

Peter Feeley is chairman of the Sacramento Religious Community for Peace. The organization's 1,600 members are a "very intergenerational mix, from the skateboard crowd to the very geriatric," Feeley said.

Religious groups have taken a lead in the freeze campaign, and though these groups hold varying beliefs, they are brought together by faith.

The Sacramento Religious Community for Peace, Feeley said, consists of many religions but is based on "interfaith."

"The strengths of the religious groups," he added, "is not just to protect against the threat of nuclear war, but to offer alternatives and say there is a better way."

"When you look at the Bible you see this is not a new problem but a very old problem. Peace is justice. Peace is not just the absence of war."

The religious community also is concerned with such social issues as racism, hunger, poverty, and intervention. But recently they have concentrated on the nuclear freeze because of the urgency of the problem.

"Part of our message is about democracy," Feeley said, "and the message is that we are all responsible. In a democracy, we all push the button."

"I cry enough as it is"

The following story is based on real events. As such it contains strong language as well as sexual references, and may be considered offensive to some readers.

By Glen Cosby

There exists a world which lies somewhere between the dusky interior of a jail cell and the tip of a dirty hypodermic needle. Lisa lives in this world; this is the world of the prostitute.

Walking into Lisa's room is like walking into a cliche: it comes complete with a series of dripping faucets in the bathroom, kitchen and washroom, and carries its own supply of cockroaches. Shuttle, shuttle, drip, drip.

She talks quietly and twists her gnarled blonde hair in little ringlets, letting them fall and then grabbing another handful as she begins another sentence.

"My husband thinks I'm crazy," she says as she walks along the short dirt driveway which leads from 14th Street to the ancient wood stairway which ascends to her equally archaic apartment. "He had me put in an institution 'cause I fix so much, but shit, he's the one who got me started."

Lisa walks along the thin strip of grass in the middle of the driveway — the place where car wheels never venture except by accident — and then skips over a narrow mud puddle and starts up the steep incline of 20 or so stairs which lead to her porch.

"I wonder if my roommate is home; she's probably out with her boyfriend. He's such a dick!"

The apartment is tightly hemmed in by other houses. The neighborhood looks like an introduction to a stupid Brooklyn sitcom. After *All In The Family* came a plethora of impostors, all set in some run-down neighborhood with sardine houses and a minimum of trees. The blue-collar look, one might call it.

"You wouldn't believe it," she gushes, fumbling for her keys. "The last time I brought a guy up here we had to sit there and watch my roommate and her boyfriend

fuck on the couch. When they got finished it was our turn."

She finds her key and unlocks the blue Master lock on the door; there is no door-knob. "Fucking cold outside," she grumbles, and steps inside.

Everything on the outside of Lisa's apartment is dry and cracked. The powder-blue paint has surrendered its happy glow to the generic undercoat of white paint and gray primer. The stairs slope downward from too many visitors.

Lisa is 19 years old, a native of Woodland. She still retains a vestige of youthful beauty, though it is rapidly giving way under the stress of drugs, beatings and four hours of sleep a night.

"Do you know how to light a pilot light?" she asks, rubbing her hands together, then rubbing her arms. "This place ain't got no heater, so we just light the stove." She fumbles with the gas switch for a moment, then gasps "fuck this shit," and walks into the main room.

"I've only been hooking for two and a half weeks," she says, glancing first at the floor and then out the window. "My husband gives me a lot of money but I still have to pay the bills and support my habit — what he gives me just isn't enough."

"We decided since we fight so much that it would be a good idea for us to separate, at least until we get our lives straightened out. God, how we used to fight. I don't like the tears; I cry enough as it is."

A tiny tabby kitten hops up in Lisa's lap after waking up from a nap on a pile of rumpled clothes at the end of the couch. First it claws the tattered blue-gray cover on the couch and then spies two pink pills on the coffee table which seem more amusing.

"Don't play with those kitty," laughs Lisa, popping the pills into her mouth. "You'd OD for sure."

As she steps out of her blue jeans, takes off her blouse and underwear, a clock radio tumbles off the edge of a badly damaged console stereo. The kitten jumps away, startled.

"God . . . you, you stupid fucking cat!" she yells, adding quickly, "Excuse my language." She tosses a thin nightgown around her shoulders and strolls into the kitchen.

"My husband and I are still married,"



she says, returning to the main room with a cup of water, "but we hurt each other too much. God, we hardly sleep together; we're too strung out most of the time." She reaches inside a brown paper bag — only to find the kitten inside already.

"Jesus Christ, cat, you get into everything! Look at this," she says, holding up a handful of hypodermic syringes, "the cat was playing with my needles. Oh well, it couldn't hurt, most of them aren't worth a shit anyway."

She opens a silver package and begins scraping some brown sticky material — heroin — off the inside of the package into a spoon.

"I hope you don't mind watching me fix," she says apologetically, "some guys get really grossed out by it."

Lisa is typical in many ways. She is caught in a situation which requires a steady income, but because of her addiction she is unable to hold a steady job. Not all prostitutes are drug addicts, but almost all of them have bills of some sort to pay. They all dance to different tunes, but the piper is the same, and he demands a high price.

After placing all but one of the syringes back in the bag, she fills the remaining one with water from the cup, then squirts it out,

• Please see LISA, page 22

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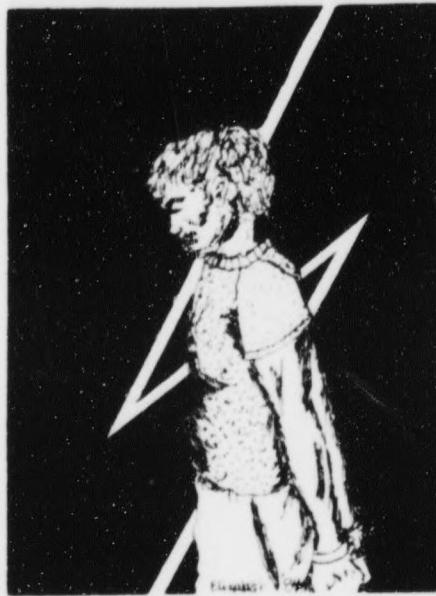
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Ride-Along Song

• Continued from page 5

I looked and it was pink all right. Her skin, what showed, was pink enough to say "hey, I'm in the pink of health." The body looked warm, not cold or clammy or gray or light blue like people who have been dead for a few hours. But she was dead of smoke inhalation, the fire fighter said.



"She was a pretty big gal," Tanton said.

"Lots of density there," said the fireman, chuckling and looking down at the dead woman.

"Hell, one of my men bruised his ribs pulling her through the door. She died, we figure, at about 4 a.m.," he said, smiling, and adding, "Died with a can of Spam in her hands. Big gal. About 265 pounds and 61 years old."

We left the smoldering, smoke-choked house, drove to an elementary school nearby, parked while Tanton filled out his crime report.

There was silence, just rhythmic breathing, for five minutes. Finally I said, "It's been awhile since I've seen anyone dead."

"I wish I could say that."

It was full sunrise now, the time of reckoning for mankind: A new day, time to cast off yesterday's events, all the hits and misses of everyday life. For sunlight would guarantee a whole new set, after a long night, weighing this against that, adding, subtracting, and finally, bringing the time for a decision — even if it is suicide or murder. For some, sunrise means a resolve to overcome the seeming utter nothingness of life. The abject, teethgnashing nothingness.

This is the song of the Ride-Along on First Watch, better known as graveyard shift. It is a song sung at sunrise; it is a dirge much like "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, *'Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for t'carry me home. Words to bury the dead*

by, words to unite them with those in the yet uncharted nether world described in *The Tibetan Book of The Dead*.

The dispatcher called us again — a 981, a medical emergency, possible overdose.

When we got there, two ambulance medics were loading a small, long-haired brunet onto a stretcher. They shone a light into his eyes. No severe dilation, one said. The suicide attempt had failed.

A bleary-eyed woman who appeared to be the man's girlfriend tried to explain to Tanton what had happened.

"He had been up all night taking these sedatives," she said, handing over a clear plastic bottle filled with red pills.

"The baby died a month ago and he's been despondent ever since. He just got divorced, too . . ." She watched worriedly as the medics took her lover out to the ambulance.

"We're really religious people," she continued, looking Tanton in the eyes, "and he wanted to join the baby in heaven, but he was afraid he'd go to hell if he killed himself."

Tanton told her he should seek medical help. She nodded.

As we walked across the front yard toward the squad car, I noticed some freshly planted bush roses near the sidewalk. They were Margo Kosters, small pink roses on a bush that does not grow more than 2 feet high. They wanted to have flowers in spring, I thought; this morning is not so bad after all.

The daffodils were beginning to bloom around town, too. The Sacramento Camellia Festival was set for next week;



something to look forward to, besides a drink, which was all I wanted then.

"You know something, Bill," I said as we drove away. "I feel like having a drink." He smiled broadly and we remained silent until we reached the station on H Street.

Funny thing was I hadn't had a drink in two years.

Spring 1984

In modern society, the human body is continuously subjected to extreme levels of stress. Consider the traffic jam: a somber ribbons of cars spewing unburned hydrocarbons into the atmosphere, living bodies breathing polluted air. Consider ingest which we ourselves have control over. We subject our bodies to doses of alcohol, large quantities of fatty fast foods and other duly undesirable matter. Even leisure activities which are meant to relieve inner stress have become stressful. Moments of competition in high-speed motorboats or 4-and 3-wheeled vehicles do nothing but tear up the land. All in all, it's not a pretty picture.

However, there are alternatives to this typical city scene. Whether one chooses to remain within the confines of the city or leave for clearer skies and fresher air, options do exist.

Mark and Buffy Nichols are a pair of ex-city dwellers who dreamed of and chose a simple, self-reliant way of life. Simple, however, does not mean easy, and self-reliant does not mean getting along without other people. What a self-reliant life does mean is an end to normal leisure activity and a self-satisfying feeling of independence. Mark and Buffy lead a simple life in their self-made Grassroots Survival Company, defined by Mark in the *Pierce County Herald* as "any basic family unit trying to make ends meet in today's unstable economy, with its somewhat insane prices" (Puyallup, Wash., Sept. 20, 1983). But the simplicity of their lives exists only in the absence of what most people these days take

for granted: indoor plumbing, microwave ovens, et al. Until a year-and-a-half ago, they didn't even have electricity other than what they could generate from a 12-volt battery hooked up to their car. Buffy, however, prefers to cook on a woodburning stove. She admits that it takes a little longer with a bit more effort, but the food tastes much better.

Realistically, they contrast self-reliance with self-sufficiency, considering self-

interview Buffy adds that "some people think of living in the mountains in a sugar-coated way." The reality of self-reliance is not simple or easy but it is everything Mark and Buffy have dreamed and worked toward.

The decision to "head for the hills" was an easy one for Mark. He woke up one morning in his California home and found a "Hells Angel-type person on his doorstep with a harpoon hole in his chest." That was

Kansas, she and a girlfriend set out for South Lake Tahoe "to find their fortune." Tahoe however, did not to be the better life Buffy sought, so she headed farther north and also wound up in Sandpoint. She survived in town with a few other people by working at the local country store where she eventually met Mark.

Buffy calls Mark "one of the true survivalists." He lived in his truck and looked for work but had difficulty finding it. Like most places, Sandpoint was hit hard by unemployment. However, when one is flexible enough one can do anything, and Mark finally found a job as a cowhand. For his room and board, he milked cows and assisted in calf deliveries. It was difficult work, sometimes calves had to be pulled out of their mothers with chains. The milking performed by hand, caused Mark's hands to dry and chap. Although well-educated, with a degree in English, Mark has never been too good for physical labor. In fact, one had better be ready to use any resources and skills to survive in a place like northern Idaho.

For money earning activity, Mark pumped gas and split wood finally saving enough to purchase five acres 17 miles out of Sandpoint. The land came with a basic log cabin structure, and as part of their self-reliant lifestyle, Mark and Buffy are constantly making improvements as their money allows. Buffy also earned money splitting wood and working for a while as a teacher's aide.

Take away man's ability to do a sustained physical or mental effort and he turns into a flabby and boring marshmallow with putty for brains. — Mark Nichols, The Old Time Art and Wisdom of Self-Reliance

sufficiency to be an illusion. Mark states in the Sandpoint, Idaho *Daily Bee*, "You need your neighbors. The people who want self-sufficiency are the ones...who paint a picture of easy living in the country" (August 1983). In another interview he continues his thoughts on self-reliance. "If you grow a tomato plant on the balcony of your high-rise condo, you're striking a blow of self-reliance" (*The Everett Herald*, Seattle, Wash., Sept. 28, 1983). And in a phone

it. Mark's focal point became a better quality of life. He packed up his camper truck, flipped a coin over a map which landed on Sandpoint, Idaho, and headed north.

Meanwhile, Buffy too was looking for a better way of life, but she did not need the harrowing experience Mark had to push her to her decision. She simply wanted to escape suburban Chicago, so after receiving her degree in English from the University of

By Rebecca S. Murphy



Human Survival Tips

The Best Solution To Smog, Speed and Stress Is Simple — Leave It!

Further, in their search a better way of life, the Nicholases never once relied on welfare, food stamps, or other social aid like many other country dwellers. Freeing themselves from the system as much as possible has been their ultimate goal, and from their experiences of self-endurance came their idea of writing books full of practical information.

This is where the success of Mark and Buffy Nichols now lies. Their first book *Cookbook of Memories, Remedies, and Recipes from the Great Depression 1920-1982* reveals in its title the uncertainty of today's economy, and provides simple low-cost recipes to help combat that uncertainty. Most of the recipes, sorted and compiled by Buffy, come from old-timers who survived the big depression of the '30s. But Mark also read a lot of *Mother Earth News* in preparation for this cookbook of reminiscence.

The book, which took two years to produce, has sold 30,000 copies in three years and is "dedicated to you individuals who are not too proud to stoop and snatch up a dime lying on a sidewalk." The recipes feature foods which can be found in the wild such as "Roast Squirrel" and "Quail Pie," as well as such delights as "Beer Soup." The prolific duo are currently working on a sequel to this

Great Depression cookbook and plan to release it this December.

Their second book, *The Old Time Art and Wisdom of Self-Reliance*, is "dedicated to those who have the courage to invest in their dreams" and provides information on buying rural property, growing and saving seed, freezing, canning, and drying food, finding work in the country, and other aspects of self-reliance Mark and Buffy discovered for themselves in their own quest for independence.

Although Buffy calls herself and Mark "typical suburban kids," they have provided the country and other parts of the world (they sold some of their books to places as far away as Germany and Australia) with an untypical, positive attitude. Behind every page of their books is the incentive and integrity everyone needs to survive and endure even in today's technological society. People need not change where they live to be happy, but need rather to change their methods and attitudes. A self-reliant life may not be the easiest way to live, but it is the most rewarding. The old adage "it is the simple things in life which provide the most pleasure" can honestly be applied to the Nicholases. As Buffy projects, "When we get a bathtub, we're going to be in seventh heaven."

"Beer Soup"

2 pints light ale
1 small carton of cream
Cinnamon to taste

1/2 lb. sugar (or less according to taste)
5 or 6 medium egg yolks

This soup must not boil or it will be spoiled, so use a double boiler. Have the water in the lower half boiling, heat the beer in the top half and when warm add the blended cream, egg and sugar. Stir with a wooden spoon gradually increasing the heat of the soup until it begins to thicken slightly. The soup is now ready. Season with cinnamon and serve at once.

from Cookbook of Memories, Remedies and Recipes from the Great Depression 1920-1982

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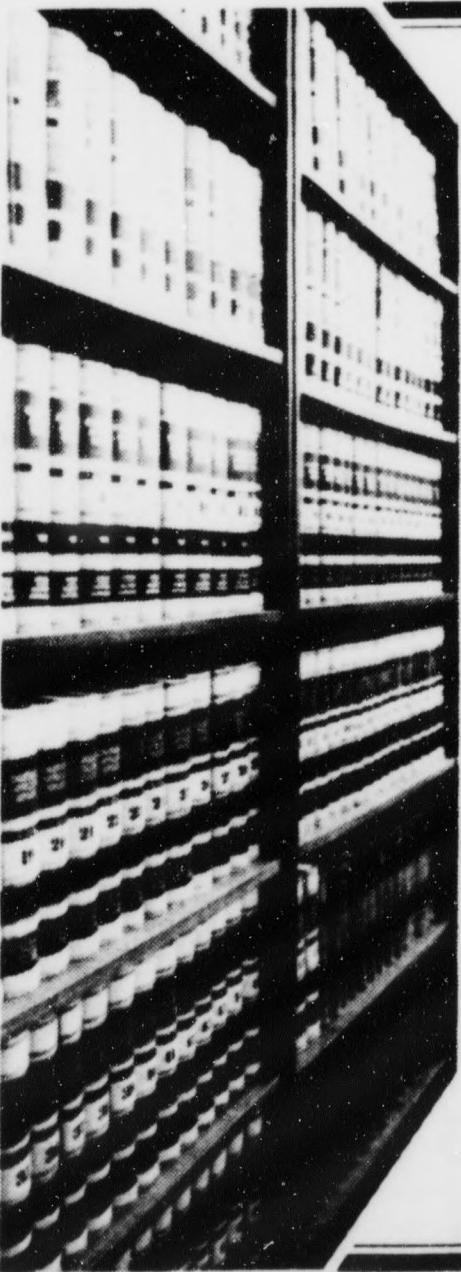
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NEO-PAGANS

• Continued from page 14

Reagan aside, the Pagan influence has also been felt by Christianity. The ceremonies are at their peak during the Pagan holidays, and the Spring Equinox (the biggest event of the spring season) is the equivalent of Easter.

The decoration of pine trees is also a Pagan rite, as is the use of candles and incense. Even the sign of the cross, a Christian gesture, is taken from the cross that Thor (god of thunder) would make with his hammer.

Rites based on the past are fine, but Pagan groups look to the future for evolution, group expansion and better membership. Thor's group is thinking about advertising by using a post office box. He and Laviolette are more open with their practices than are many followers who hide from public view. At CSUS, a contact system is used so that any person who wishes to join can do so without worry of being exposed to the public.

Laviolette, however, feels that Neo-Paganism should be unorganized. "There's really no worry over missed holidays," he said, "and you can learn whatever you want next. Many Pagans perform as a group, which is great. But independent is good, too."

Neo-Paganism seems to be a thriving force at CSUS. Thor estimated that about 5 percent of the student body is involved in it. He feels that CSUS is more open to it which he admires. He also holds that the drama department is the most tolerant because it is a very open-minded field.

The Coven of the Lady and Lord is another organized Pagan group on campus. The group is a traditional association that believes in a sexless duality of oneness: a god and goddess. They practice positive magic and follow two rules: love on to all things, and you reap what you sow.

J.R., the high priest of *The Coven* and a senior at CSUS, noted some interesting points about his group including the fact

LISA

• Continued from page 18
repeating the process five times.

"I don't know why I bother," she mutters shaking her head. "God, these things are dirty."

Lisa walks back into the kitchen with the spoon in one hand and the needle in the other and begins heating the spoon over one of the gas burners on the stove. Once the heroin is melted, she fills the syringe with the gooey mixture.

"I used to fix cocaine," she says as she ties a nylon stocking around her arm just above her elbow, "but it fucks up your veins worse than heroin, so my husband told me to switch, but coke is better."

Crosscurrents

that 90 percent of its members have attended college. He also feels that it is the perfect worship for women since there is no sexism.

The Coven and J.R. in particular, have experienced a great deal of harassment on campus. "Christian groups have torn down our signs which is an act of vandalism," he stated, "and they call me in the middle of the night telling me that I'm going to burn. Somebody even placed an ad in a local newspaper saying that if you want to burn in Hell, call *The Coven* . . ."

have come to inherit (pointed hats, warts and the like) is an early religious prejudice that has been handed down through the years. Neo-Pagans claim that though they are witches, they are harmless.

Paganism is part of the occult (witchcraft and supernatural agencies), but not all of the occult is Paganism. There are some Satanists who call themselves Neo-Paganists, and even though they are part of the occult, they cannot be considered Pagans because they believe in a single disembodied voice or city god.

As for being lunatics, Thor and Laviolette feel that Pagans easily elude the reference. "Some of my friends think what I do is great," said Thor, "and some don't say anything. The rest think I'm crazy, but I just laugh it off. I don't think I'm crazy because I don't have to fight to defend my beliefs."

Laviolette added that since Pagans have many gods, they face fewer problems. "We're not fanatics or caught up on one great voice that scares people to death. Ours is a balance of peace and nature."

Sacramento County Deputy Coroner Robert Bowers tends to dispute the balance theory. "In suicide cases with such groups," he said, "there seems to be something in their beliefs that pushed them over the edge. It is definitely not a fact, but they seem to expect those they worship to do this great thing for them, and if it doesn't happen, they lose control."

Supposing that such an unbalance does exist alongside all the negativity from society, it would probably not be an influence on whether Thor raises his children as Pagans. Thor said that it really depends on whom he marries. If his wife is not a Pagan, then most likely he won't raise his children that way. He would prefer to give them a choice of religions, such as Christianity, Buddhism and Paganism.

Both Thor and Laviolette claim that they are happy, and all they ask is that others accept their lifestyle. "We're tolerant of all religions and beliefs," Thor said. "We don't even say 'God damn.' We might say 'gods damn,' though!"

Thor's unique mysticism seems to come not from a wizard's spell, but more from just being happy with his life. As long as he can live a full life doing what he finds most pleasurable, then he will probably always have an aura of magnetism surrounding him.

Bat tails and eye of newt aside, all those wizards who abound pointed noses and broomsticks have found a peace for themselves. As Thor concluded, "Paganism is just another way of life." •

J.R. added that "we just want to be left alone. And as for burning in Hell and worshipping Satan, we're not worried. We don't believe in them."

Thor also asserted that his practitioners are definitely not Satan worshippers. "How can you worship something that you don't believe exists?"

Both Thor and Laviolette want people to have an attitude of tolerance toward them. They feel that since Pagans are tolerant, others should be also. Thor conceded that he finds the lifestyle more satisfying than Christ because a tree can be seen as a companion in nature.

Neo-Pagans have a great deal of respect for life and nature, and this influences their role as witches. The stereotype that witches

Neo-Paganism is not a religion by strict definition, but the beliefs of its practitioners are natural and honest which would include them in the broad sense of religion. They are not considered to be a cult by their own definition since in such an organization one person usually dictates, as was the case in the notorious People's Temple.

Thor pointed out that "we are more of a lifestyle because our way is free and open and individual. Although we may form groups, no one tells us what to believe or practice. Each individual decides on his own practice."

"We're an anarchist religion!" Laviolette added. "Two people can believe in exact opposites."

After the seventh injection she finds a vein and pushes the heroin into her arm, unties the stocking and returns to the main room.

"Thursday my girlfriend and I are going down to the county clinic and drink the juice. Shit, just like some fucking alcoholic. Oh well, they say methadone helps, and Lord knows I need some help. I figure I'll live a short life. I'll probably die by the time I'm thirty."

She takes off her gown and steps to the other side of the room where the only bed is. She crawls under the covers and stares blankly at the coffee table for five minutes.

"My husband knows I hook," she begins, trying to wet her lips with her tongue, "and he thinks I'm crazy, but I know he loves me, and he's got a good job as a truck driver making \$14 an hour. He's good to me; he tells me I'm a good person."

"Fuck," she continues, "I know I'm a junkie, but I've still got my mind. At least I'm not a bitch."

"I'd rather be a junkie than a bitch," she says.

"By the way," she adds, pulling back the covers, "how much did you feel like spending?"

It's fucking cold outside. •

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Bye Bye

• *Continued from page 11*

REPORTER: Do you see light at the end of the tunnel in Central America?

REAGAN: As long as my successor continues my policies, sure, the war should be over soon, and we'll finally be rid of communist aggression in Central America. But if the new president listens to those bleeding heart communist sympathizers that have been marching in the streets this past year, we will either leave dishonorably or be bogged down in a prolonged war instead of charging forth with the latest weaponry. Then the press can call it another Vietnam.

REPORTER: Turning to other issues, Mr. President, many in Congress and the nation feel your record on civil rights, women's rights, etc. is atrocious. How do you respond to that charge?

REAGAN: Well, you know, you can't promise everything to everybody. That's what Walter Mondale tried to do in '84 when I crushed him at the polls on Election Day. I think my record speaks for itself: women and minorities are no farther behind than they were when I took office. Remember — a rising tide lifts all boats. My economic strategy was botched; the Democrats botched it. They're supposed to be the party of the people, for the people, but they are the ones to blame for the plight of so many today.

REPORTER: So you're saying you had nothing to do with the economic setbacks of blacks and women that occurred even before the depression.

REAGAN: Have you heard the story about the Irish bartender who went to Dublin . . .

REPORTER: Excuse me, Mr. President, please answer the question.

REAGAN: Anyhow, he went to a farm first to get . . .

REPORTER: Please answer my question, Mr. Reagan.

REAGAN: Why don't you like my Irish stories? I may not have agreed with everything Tip O'Neill said, but at least he liked to listen to my jokes.

REPORTER: Let's try another question. Critics have called your environmental policy a disaster even after James Watt left. Do you think your administration has done a good job in protecting the environment and fighting pollution?

REAGAN: Again, my record speaks for itself. I know there have been problems with

acid rain. But it's Canada's fault as much as ours for killing every lake in the Northeast. People may not like those oil wells and mines in some of the nation's parks, but they are there for a reason. We need minerals and if they are located on park land, then they must be tapped. As long as the environment is protected, of course. I can say that the oil wells on my ranch in Santa Barbara haven't bothered me a bit and I've been on that spread many times while president, believe me.

REPORTER: About your vacations, Mr. President. Some say you took too much time off from the White House; that you basically are a lazy president — a do-nothing president. How do you answer those charges?

REAGAN: Oh, I don't vacation any more than a normal American. I have the hardest job in America, you know. If I didn't vacation I would have been all worn out a long time ago. A nation like ours can't have worn out, exhausted presidents especially when they are as old as I am. After all, look what happened to the Russians with their old leaders.

REPORTER: But what about your availability when crises arise?

REAGAN: I'm there when problems come up. When that nuclear thing occurred I was just moments away from the black bag. I can blow up Russia at a moment's notice wherever I am. Americans need never fear for I am here.

REPORTER: Right. In a nutshell, Mr. President, critics say that eight years of Reaganism has caused the depression because of your stubbornness to take care of the budget deficit. Your paranoia about the Soviets has caused us to get involved in a war in Central America. Women and minorities have suffered setbacks, relations with the Soviets have not improved, your environmental policies are a disaster, your administration has been riddled with numerous scandals and on and on. Can you honestly say, Mr. Reagan, that the typical American is better off now than he or she was eight years ago?

REAGAN: Uh, yes. If they're not better off, it's because of the Democrats, liberals, or the communists, or it's their own fault. Above all, the damn press with their constant drumbeat of negatives doesn't help. I have only 24 hours left as president. Get out before I revoke the First Amendment. ♦

STONES

• *Continued from page 3*

standing there over the man like that, his favorite shirt hanging down around his waist. He looked over at it spread out carefully at the end of the bed. His hand ached

with a steady, apparent pain. The curtains swung out once gently and hung still again. He couldn't tell if it was any cooler, though, and then wondered if Trace could be thinking about him at that very moment. ♦

P e d d l e r ' s

U n d e r p a s s



No doubt you are tired of the produce you purchase at the grocery — unattractive and overpriced. As you pick through the leftovers next time, ask yourself a few questions: How old are the fruits and vegetables? How many pesticides have they been sprayed with? Finally, why aren't you buying beautiful fresh produce, directly from the grower?

*Photography by Larry McKendell
Text by Scott R. Harding*

Sound impossible? It's not. Every Sunday morning, starting at 8 a.m., area growers bring their goods — eggs, honey, seafood, herbs, lettuce, asparagus — to Sacramento, right under the freeway at the corner of 8th and V Streets. This unlikeliest of spots actually makes for a quaint and bustling open-air market. Watching the people here is half the fun, especially if you enjoy unique and beautiful faces. But don't forget your money — there are bargains everywhere.

Most of the merchants come from Delta cities such as Isleton, Galt and Locke. Some come from as far away as San Leandro and Mendocino. But they all bring the same thing: inexpensive produce, often picked early that morning.



Crosscurrents





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